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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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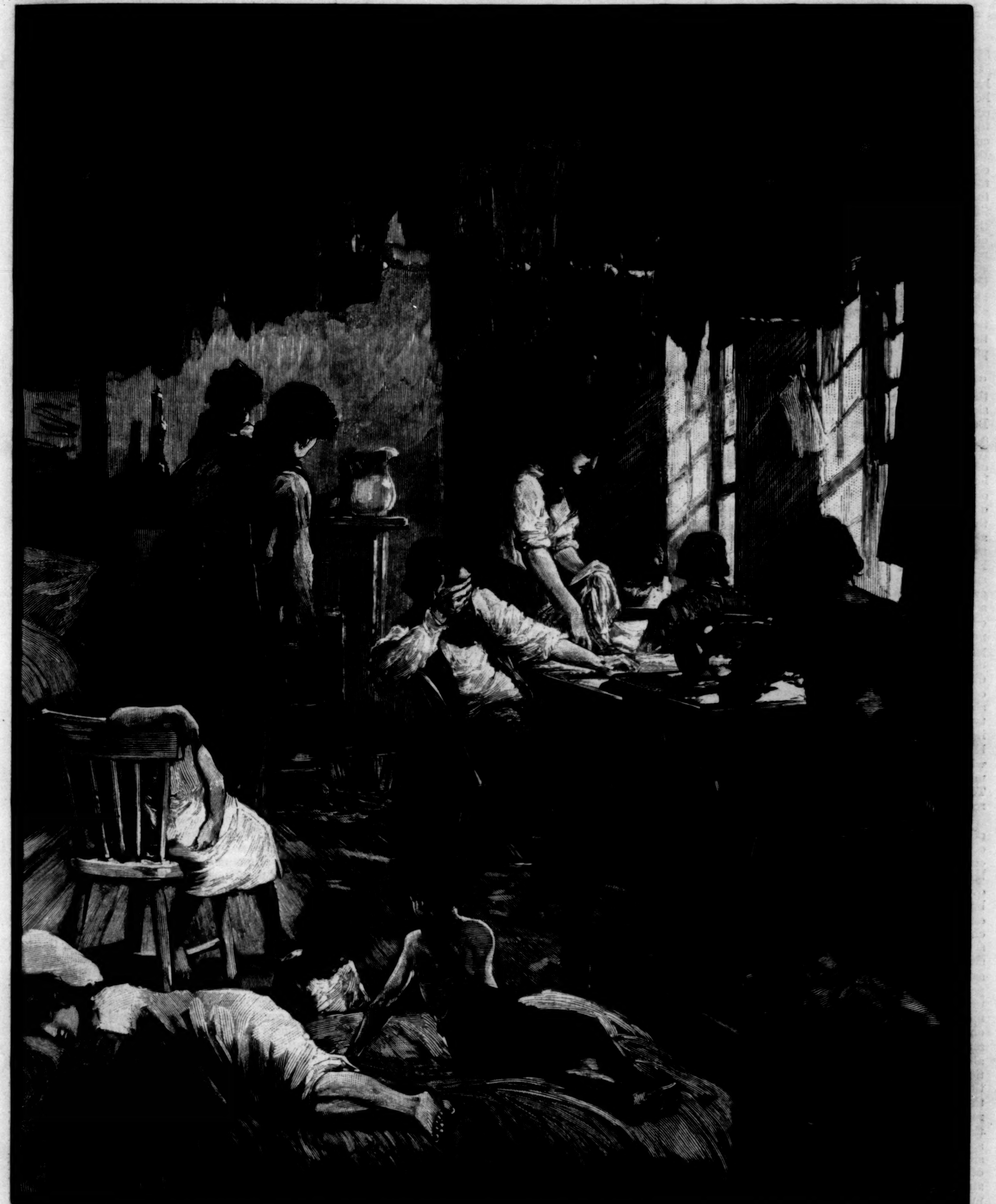

HOMES OF THE POOR.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 475.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, July 28, 1883.

A CAUTION.

We caution our Western readers to beware of an alleged book agent who has been soliciting orders for Harper's Magazine *at a dollar and a half a year. He is acting without authority from* Harper & Brothers. *The price of* Harper's Magazine *is four dollars a year, and no bookseller or news agent can buy it at double the price for which it is offered by this man.*

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A FOREIGN VIEW OF 1884.

THE London *Times* is not a very shrewd commentator upon American politics, and its speculations have always a slightly acrid tone. A recent article, however, upon the present political situation in this country is a tolerably fair statement. It perceives that there are no great issues at stake, and that the contest will be "a square stand-up fight between the Democrats and the Republicans." It holds that the chief advantage of the Democrats is the fatigue of the country with Republican rule and the curiosity to see what the Democrats will do. But it sees also the Democratic trouble arising from differences upon the tariff. The Republicans, it says, have the glory of their record and the advantage of the national patronage. On neither side is there a commanding personality to secure the nomination, and both parties, it thinks, will find it convenient to run "dark horses" at the last. The *Times* says truly that the mere desire of change is always stronger than theoretical politicians are willing to acknowledge, and it asserts that the people of this country are heartily tired of Republican rule.

The Thunderer, however, falls into the error of the "theoretical politicians." It is doubtless true that the mere desire of change and of giving the other side a turn is a powerful motive in practical politics. But its force at any particular time depends not upon a general theory, but upon the actual situation. So it is true that there is some sharp Republican criticism of some Republican acts. But what the *Times* calls hearty popular fatigue of Republican rule is not so obvious as profound popular distrust of Democratic dominance. The very fact which it mentions that the contest promises to be a simple square pull between all that Republicanism and all that Democracy means to the people of this country, is the best augury of Republican success. Among the many Republican advantages in such a situation is the fact that, whatever may be its offenses, the Republican party shows a will and a power to correct itself, which the Democratic party, although always equally upon trial, has never shown. The *Times*, moreover, forgets that party differences in this country have acquired a significance and gravity from the war which can not be disregarded. After the long national supremacy of one party, it is not unfair to expect that the mere desire of change may sometimes bring in another party which represents a different general policy. But if the other represents still more the tradition of bloody hostility to the government itself, the mere wish of change is much less effective. The *Times* admits that after the battle of Waterloo, with which the Tories were identified, they retained power, for that reason, for fifteen years.

Again, the desire of change is not strong in a time of general occupation, prosperity, and consequent contentment. Should there be a panic and business convulsion within a year, the dominant party would be thrown out as the Van Buren Democracy were overthrown in 1840. But should there be general business tranquillity, mills running, labor employed, enterprise active, the commercial mind quiet, then change would have a suspicious and not a seductive sound. It would mean, among other things, a clean sweep of the civil service, a vast cloud of cormorants settling upon Washington and every chief centre of patronage in the country, and effectually blocking the whole machinery of government at the very moment that its control passed into raw and inexperienced hands. This alone would alarm the true conservative sentiment of the country. The change, also, would be supposed to extend to tariff legislation. But when business is prosperous and sound the proposition to tinker the tariff is not agreeable either to capital or to labor. The hope of the Democracy lies, therefore, in national misfortune. When the ship is apparently sinking, any raft or plank or spar is trusted for the chance of safety. But it is simply "theoretical" to argue that because the desire of change is a powerful factor in politics it will be strong enough in itself to overthrow a party of the most patriotic and glorious record, under whose dominance the country is prosperous and content, in order to replace it with one whose past conduct is abhorred and whose future policy is feared.

THE PENNSYLVANIA IDEA.

The Pennsylvania Republican platform has excited a great deal of remark, especially for its opening declarations:

> "*First.* We unqualifiedly approve and demand the continuance of that system of protection to home industry which has proved itself to be the basis of national independence, the incentive to industrial skill and development, and the guarantee of a just and adequate scale of wages for labor, and we denounce all attempts to reduce the rates of the tariff below the level which will accomplish these objects.
>
> "*Second.* That any surplus in the public Treasury arising from a redundant revenue should, after paying the national debt as fast as its conditions permit, be distributed from time to time to the several States, upon the basis of population, to relieve them from the burdens of local taxation, and provide means for the education of their people."

The first of these declarations was anticipated. A Pennsylvanian of any party is presumptively a protectionist, as an Italian is presumptively a Roman Catholic. He holds not only that protection is our true policy, but that it is so plainly seen to be so that the sentiment is twenty times stronger than it was twenty years ago. This Pennsylvania feeling seems to be justified by the platforms of all the political Conventions of the year. Directly or indirectly they all show the conviction that a declaration for free trade would be politically disastrous. They are all adapted for the perusal of the American laborer, who is supposed to study his paper to ascertain which party proposes to reduce him to the level of the pauper laborer of Europe. There is a great deal of juggling with the words "revenue" and "adjustment." But none of the platforms say free trade, and none of them mean free trade, and the tariff is not really an issue.

Those, however, who, with Senator Sherman, believe it to be an issue, and who, like him, favor protection, should not criticise too sharply the second of the Pennsylvania declarations. The Pennsylvanians are thorough and sincere protectionists. They may be supposed to understand the subject from their point of view, and what they propose, therefore, is worthy of serious attention. The second of these propositions springs logically from the first. If a tariff should be laid for protection, in other words, if the country should be taxed in order to enable it to compete in its own markets as well as in foreign markets with the industry and skill of other countries, a redundant revenue may be often expected, because it can not be assumed that the amount of taxation necessary for the expenses of the government is the precise amount necessary for protection. The object of the tax is, in the case supposed, not primarily to pay the expenses of the government, and as there is no limit to protection, and as all industries have an equal claim to it, the tendency will be to a constantly larger surplus. This must be disposed of in some way, and the disposition proposed in Pennsylvania is distribution among the States upon the basis of population, in order to diminish local taxation and to foster education. This particular method and object of distribution may not be agreeable to all protectionists; but redundancy and distribution are essential parts of the general scheme of protection, and the party which declares for that policy declares for its logical results.

President Arthur in his Message at the opening of the last session of Congress pointed out in very forcible language, and to the general approval of the country, some of the consequences of a surplus, and he also laid down the general principle of taxation in a way which was very acceptable. He said that while there are differences as to the true principles of taxation and the best methods of raising revenue, there is substantial agreement in the view that only such taxes should be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government. As for the surplus, he said that it must lie idle in the Treasury, or the government must buy its own bonds at an enormous premium, or it would foster, as experience had shown, an extravagant expenditure. This was good Republican doctrine last winter. But the Message of the Republican President, the debate in Congress upon revision of the tariff, and the platform declarations of both the parties during the summer show plainly that the tariff is not an issue upon which the parties divide, and that Democratic protectionists and Republican revenue reformers will each abide with their own party.

A GROSS PUBLIC OFFENSE.

The case of Horton in the Internal Revenue Department is of much more than personal or temporary interest. Mr. Evans, the new Commissioner, is one of the latest important appointments of the President, and his conduct necessarily involves the good faith of the Administration toward the reformed system, which went into full effect on the 16th of July. That system applies under the bill to about ten thousand positions only in the minor public service. But the bill became law in obedience to a decisive public sentiment, which demands—and for the most cogent reasons connected with the public welfare—that the spirit of the law, which in its immediate application is limited to a part of the service, shall be honestly observed in every branch of it, and that the higher appointments shall not be made in a manner which implies that the support given by the Administration to the new system is merely formal and perfunctory. The reformed system is now the law of the land, and any disregard of its plain purpose and scope is an offense which the Administration is as morally bound to correct as the similar infringement of any other law. If under a distinct hard-money policy of Congress and the Administration a Secretary of the Treasury, without expressly violating the letter of the law, should be found bringing it into utter contempt by throwing the whole weight of his official influence in favor of soft money and its adherents, the President would justly call him to account. This is the precise position of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in regard to the reform policy which in obedience to public opinion has been adopted by Congress and the President.

Mr. Eldridge, who was summarily removed by Commissioner Evans, was well known in the department as one of its very best officers. He is a man of conspicuous business ability and experience, and of the most modest fidelity to duty. In one instance alone the recovery to the Treasury of $186,000, a tax rightfully due, which had wholly escaped the attention of the local officers, was entirely owing, as Commissioner Raum officially stated, to Mr. Eldridge's "sagacious vigilance," and it was but one instance of the "marked ability and zeal" which in "numerous other cases" had resulted in similar advantage to the government. This officer, of the highest character, ability, and efficiency, whose peculiar fitness for the place is especially commended by one of the most capable commissioners who have presided in the bureau, is summarily dismissed as incompetent by a new Commissioner before he knows anything of his official duties, or can possibly judge the competency of his subordinates, and the Commissioner replaces him by a hack politician, who within a week is charged with previously levying black-mail. Driven to order an investigation, the Commissioner declined to publish the report, but declaring that Horton was innocent, demanded his resignation on the ground that public discussion of the subject injured the Administration. Horton naturally declined to acknowledge his guilt by resigning, and the Commissioner formally removed him.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater offense against the plainest principles of an honorable public service, or one which merits more peremptory action upon the part of an Administration which professes the principles of reform. The removal of Eldridge was a wanton defiance of every sound principle of administration and of the essential spirit of the new law. Causeless removal of an honest and efficient civil servant is a gross public wrong. The Commissionership of Internal Revenue is a great public trust, which in this proceeding the Commissioner has prostituted to a personal purpose, and has shown himself to be totally unfitted for the office that he fills.

THE TILDEN MYTH.

The *Evening Post* had recently an amusing article upon the absurd stories about Mr. Tilden. They are the joke of the season. With very brief intervals some person or paper, assuming to speak with peculiar authority, issues a bulletin of Mr. Tilden's health and opinions and intentions, and taken together they read like the opening of Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities:* "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times; it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness; it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity; it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness; it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair; we had everything before us, we had nothing before us; we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way." This is the strain of the Tilden bulletins and the present prospectus of the Democratic party.

The *Times* adds to this comedy a long and solemn statement from some anonymous source, the result of "recent prolonged interviews" with the "sage of Greystone." According to this historian, the sage does not consider the duties of the Presidency to be very arduous—although, as he is in perfect health and remarkable vigor, that view is not of particular importance, since, however arduous the duties might be, he could turn them off as nimbly as he leaps all the fences upon his morning stroll through his farm. Should a grateful country choose to summon him, with Brother Hendricks, to a post which cipher dispatches failed to enable him to reach some years since, the historian is very sure that he would permit the country to have its own way.

Warming to his work, the faithful chronicler proceeds to announce that Mr. Tilden is the father of civil service reform, and the next bulletin will probably inform us that he is also the author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution of the United States. It is evident that the sage greatly resembles the late Joey Bagstock. He is very "sly"; for, as father of civil service reform, while Mr. Jenckes was stating the evil, and proposing a practical method of reform, and seeming to be a leader in the good work, the real author of the movement was promoting it by serving as chairman of Tweed's Democratic committee in New York. In further vindication of his claims it is only necessary to recall the campaign of 1876, the cipher dispatches, the nincompoop bureau—the campaign, in a word, which President Woolsey characterized as more the personal enterprise of the candidate than any in our history. Mr. Tilden's familiar methods in politics are so peculiarly those of a civil service reformer that it is surprising how completely it has escaped public attention that he is the real father of reform, and it is an act of great kindness upon the part of the author of the latest bulletin to reveal the great truth. Alas! we say the latest, but we remember that a still more authoritative authority has issued a still later bulletin, describing that which contains all this information as—humbug. We are constrained to believe that it is correct. Indeed, the only difficulty is to determine which of all the Tilden bulletins is the greatest humbug.

TORTURING CHILDREN.

The Utica *Herald* was moved by its observation of the treatment of young children by mothers and nurses in that city on the Fourth of July to say that it believed that there is more cruelty to children in this country than there is cruelty to animals, and that it was wonderful that no society had yet been organized to compel mothers not to torture their children on the Fourth of July. They harness the little helpless ones in fine toggery, says the indignant *Herald*, and march with them into a riotous crowd, keeping them for hours in the fierce rays of a pitiless sun, until the maternal curiosity is satisfied.

The infantile suffering which moves the ire of the *Herald* is a familiar spectacle, and it is the thoughtless treatment of children, culminating in training them for public exhibitions, which led to the formation of the excellent society for their protection of which Mr. Gerry is president. The effect of the society, like that of Mr. Bergh's, has been most beneficial. The mere fact of the existence of an association for the protection of animals against cruel treatment of itself secures better treatment, because the brutes who torment animals know that every blow and kick may be seen by an agent of the society, who will exact the penalty.

The children's protection society renders a similar service. Every parent or manager who exposes a child to danger or to the destruction of its health for public amusement knows that it can not be done with impunity, and the managers do not shrink from discharging the humane duty which they have undertaken. The form of cruelty which the *Herald* decries, however, can be remedied only by personal appeal. If ladies who meet nurses and mothers every day trundling infants with their faces turned helplessly upward to a blazing sun would remonstrate with them temperately, they would at least save some children, and lessen the gross amount of suffering. Half of the torture which is inflicted arises from thoughtlessness, and many a mother would be grateful for a kindly suggestion which should show her what she was doing.

PRESIDENTIAL PREFERENCES.

Some weeks since the New York *Times* sent out 400 letters to as many points in the thirty-eight States of the Union, asking the names of the persons who were most spoken of in that vicinity as candidates for the Presidency upon both sides. Answers have been received from 344 of the points—an average of about nine for each State—and the *Times* tabulates the preferences and summarizes the sentiment in each State. The canvass shows that in neither party is there any especial preference.

Upon the Republican side the favorite is Mr. Blaine, who receives 103 voices, against 64 for President Arthur, 57½ for Mr. Edmunds, 19 for General Grant, 17 for Mr. Sherman, and 14 for Mr. Logan. Upon the Democratic side Mr. Tilden leads with 120, against 72½ for Mr. McDonald, 31½ for Mr. Bayard, 25 for General Hancock, 20½ for General Butler, and 17½ for Mr. Thurman. As a straw such a return shows that Mr. Blaine is the Republican who has the largest personal following, and Mr. Tilden the Democrat. But that those who personally prefer these gentlemen would think it good party policy to nominate them is of course doubtful.

The Presidential election is largely a question of the preference of a very few States. The nomination is not determined by leadership, ability, or standing. It is a matter of close calculation and management. If there were on either side a man who would be tolerably sure of carrying New York, for instance, he would be nominated, unless at the last moment the intrigues in the Convention were too powerful. Thanks to the attempted brutal tyranny of the unit rule in the last Republican Convention, and to the general situation, the next Convention will be exceedingly independent.

ENGLAND AND NIAGARA.

The preservation of Niagara is so justly felt to be the interest of all intelligent people in the world that it is not surprising to find a long and admirable article upon the subject in the London *Spectator*, which says:

> "The falls of Niagara can not be regarded as specially belonging to America, but must be considered as existing for the advantage of mankind; no traveller crosses the ocean without visiting them, and England has already taken an important part in the efforts for their preservation: indeed, we may almost say that it was an Englishman with whom these efforts originated. It is much to be desired, therefore, that the English public should understand what is involved in the question, how great is the necessity for preservative measures, and what form it is proposed that these measures shall take. If once these points were clearly understood and widely known, there would certainly be such a distinct expression of opinion in England as would render easier the task to be accomplished in America, for in spite of the frequent and half-joking assumption of careless independence, every one who is really familiar with American life knows that by the vast majority of our 'kin beyond sea' any genuine word from England is received with kindly respect."

The *Spectator* describes in detail the nature of the mischief and the proposed remedy. The object is simply to restore its original condition as a sublime and beautiful natural scene. It is to be freed from all that is merely sensational and sordid. The *Spectator* understands precisely the scope of the action of the Commission, that it is preliminary, and that the final decision lies with the Legislature next winter. In conclusion it says:

> "We can not believe that a measure which would be so welcome to the world at large, which would confer both material and moral benefit upon the country, which is demanded by every sentiment of consideration for those who are to come after us—a measure in which future generations will find a proof of the civilization of our age—will be rejected because America, with its embarrassing public wealth and its gigantic private fortunes, can not find the sum of two hundred thousand pounds for such a purpose. We do not hesitate to say that English opinion will be unanimous upon the result, whichever way it may be, and we trust that the unanimity may be in the form of grateful recognition of an act of enlightened legislation."

HENRY IRVING.

Mr. Henry Irving has certainly received "a good send-off" from his friends in London. But he seems to be fully aware that English cheers can not secure for him American success, and that he must make every step of his way in this country for himself. He need not fear the result if he have the real power, for in no country is the audience of the theatre less prejudiced or more generous than here. It welcomes and honors the masters of every school, and its censure, when it falls, is never cruel, as in some other lands.

It is not easy to determine from the reports the probability of Mr. Irving's success. He is apparently not a descendant of the declamatory school of the Kembles, nor of the romantic school of Kean. He hardly maintains the "great traditions" of the English stage, but relies upon a certain elaborate picturesqueness which permits extreme artificiality. But that his style may be novel will not impair its effect if he be a master.

He will find the audience less homogeneous than in London. New York is so completely a cosmopolitan city that every taste and standard will be represented in his audience. But the difference and the uncertainty doubtless add zest to his anticipation. Sure of the mark that he has made in England, he will await with curious interest the American verdict upon the most noted living British actor.

THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE.

At ten minutes past noon on Thursday, July 19, all but a few score of the telegraphic operators in the city of New York left their instruments. At the same moment several thousand men and women engaged in like work, from New Orleans to Omaha, quit their places, as did a considerable portion of the telegraphers throughout the Dominion of Canada. The strike was brought about by the Executive Committee of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers. It was arranged with great skill, and executed with marvellous precision and determination, and the position to which the employing companies were forced was one well calculated to bring them to terms. Yet, with all sympathy for the telegraphers in their wrongs, so far as they are real, it is a grave question whether the public can hold them warranted in so summary and so sweeping a method of obtaining redress. If it be true, as they claim, that nothing short of this would have any effect upon their employers, then the blame must rest upon the latter. What is beyond doubt is that the public has been put to very serious and almost universal inconvenience and loss by this dispute.

The function of the telegraph in our highly organized commercial and social life has come to be as general and as important as that of the mail. In some respects it is even more of a necessity. Business could no more be accomplished without it now than without the railway or the steam-ship. Not only is it an indispensable instrumentality in ordinary exchanges, but it is absolutely necessary for the safe and sure administration of the railways themselves. It is a public employment like that of the police, or the gas and electric light companies, or the railroads. It ought not to be exposed to interruption any more than these. That is not to say that the telegraph companies should have irresponsible control of their employés on such terms as they choose to grant; but there should be some established and recognized method by which differences between the former and the latter could be fairly adjusted without throwing the business of a continent into confusion. The business of the telegraph, like that of the railways, only in a far greater degree, is an affair of the public, which the legislative power should regulate sufficiently to guard the public interests. If ever there was a fair field for the exercise of compulsory arbitration, this would seem to be one. Many of the charges brought against the Western Union Telegraph Company, which by its enormous business and extensive influence practically controls the action of all other companies, are unquestionably true. The company has shown in its dealings with the operators something of the same grasping and unscrupulous spirit that it has betrayed in its stock operations. But if all the charges were true there would still be in such a strike as the one recently entered on a public injury against which the authorities ought to protect the community.

PERSONAL.

Bayard Taylor used to say that of all men he had ever seen Hawthorne was most remarkable for possessing eyes that flashed fire, the pupils being sometimes so dilated as to render the iris invisible. Gladstone has similar eyes, and some of his friends attribute to them Queen Victoria's lack of fondness for that statesman. Her Majesty, they say, has on several occasions been actually terrified by Gladstone's gaze.

—The conductors on our street cars receive so little mention of a favorable sort that the kind offices of one of them toward a blind passenger on the Third Avenue line the other day may fitly be spoken of. Nothing could have been more considerate or tender than this model conductor's treatment of that blind woman, both while she was trying to enter the car and while she was leaving it. "That is the fourth or fifth blind person," he remarked to a by-stander, "whom I have carried to-day."

—A New York woman of genius made about three thousand dollars last season by recitations at entertainments in private houses and on the lyceum stage, her terms for the former places being fifty dollars a reading.

—The success of the use of the roof of the Casino as a place for evening promenade will remind some New-Yorkers that Mr. O. B. Bunce was the first writer to suggest to the American public the expediency of using our city roofs for such a purpose. About eight years ago, in an article in *Appleton's Journal*, he discussed the subject at length, and pointed out the advantages of utilizing those cool and quiet places as summer evening resorts. The results of the experiment at the Casino seems to indicate that were the owners of fine city houses in the habit of spending more of their time in them during the dog-days, they would arrange to spend some time upon them also.

—The question of the best method of clothing the human body so as to make it resemble a marble statue is of some interest occasionally to managers of private theatricals. Persons who have never tried the use of unbleached muslin will be surprised to see how successfully it accomplishes that end when under the influence of gas-light. It hangs in graceful folds, and its tone is exquisitely soft and mellow. Other fabrics, much more expensive, may be made available, but unbleached muslin is at the same time the cheapest and the most illusive. A lady of this city who recently appeared at a private theatrical entertainment in the part of a marble statue, dressed in unbleached muslin, achieved a success that not only delighted the artistic taste of her friends, but suited the financial views of her husband. In art it is the manner rather than the matter that charms. The grays of a weather-worn old rail fence are beautiful.

—A well-known sculptor while leaving the hall of a New York club-house had his attention called to a sleek bust of a distinguished actor which stood near the principal entrance. "That's a fine portrait," remarked his friend, admiringly. "A fine likeness, possibly," replied the artist, "but not a portrait. A portrait is an interpretation of character."

—In conversation with a visitor, some time ago, ex-Governor Horatio Seymour expressed his surprise and regret that in none of the public commemorative monuments in this country has the stalwart figure of the Indian appeared with any prominence. The ex-Governor has particularly requested that the negligence shall not be repeated in the monument to be erected on the battle-field of Oriskany, near Utica.

—The author of a forth-coming book on social etiquette has made special and proud mention of the fact that when a gentleman is calling upon a lady it is unnecessary for his hostess to worry him by persisting in relieving him of the care of his hat and cane. These useful articles, it is presumed, may safely remain in the custody of the caller himself.

—In 1857 M. Renan wrote, "I am proud of my pessimism." In 1883 he writes, "In bidding adieu to life I shall only have to thank the source of all Good for the delightful passage through reality which I have been permitted to accomplish."

—M. Michelet is about to publish a volume of recollections of his childhood and youth. One of his friends, M. Monod, who has read the MS., declares that its contents are "truly edifying, and make one love their author."

—The works of Wagner have become classic in Paris since the composer's death, says a French critic, and are listened to with devout and enthusiastic reverence. Three orchestras have given Wagner concerts, and one of them—M. Lamoureux's—showed rare intelligence in the execution of the selections from *Lohengrin*, *Parsifal*, and the *Meistersinger*.

—The volunteer regiments in England consist mainly of unmarried young men belonging to the working classes and to the clerical staffs of commercial houses; and the commander of one of those regiments declares that in order to be successful a volunteer officer must have military instincts and capacity, power of command and of influencing men, a whole-souled devotion of nearly all his leisure to his duty, and a tolerably lengthy purse; for all of which he receives a title seldom used off parade (the case of Colonel Mapleson being an exception), a shadowy precedence, never exercised, and the more or less expressed opinion of his friends that he is rather a fool for his pains. On accepting his commission he pays about $150 for his uniform, and is subjected to a yearly expenditure of $100 if a lieutenant, and $1000 if a battalion commander.

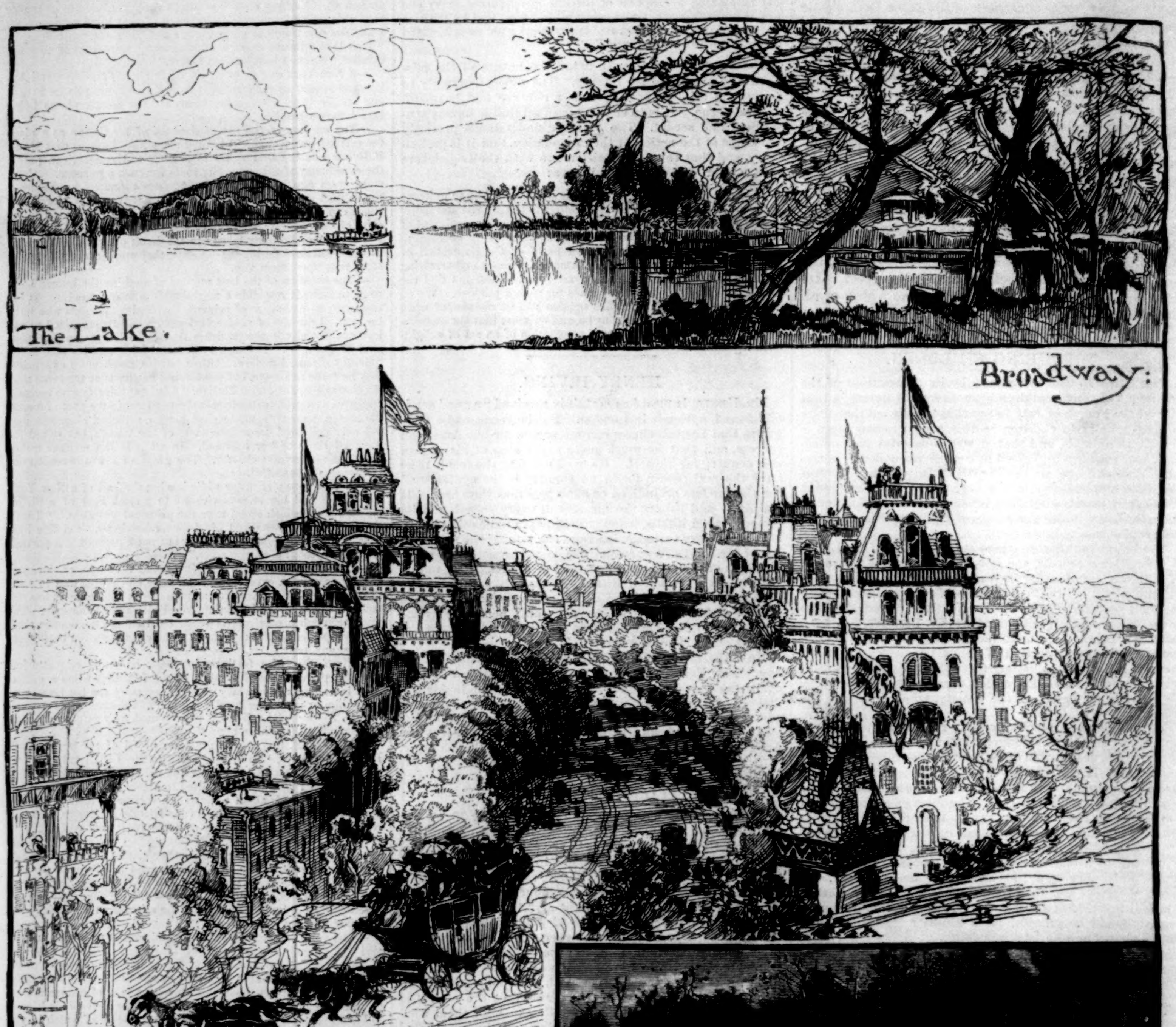
—Dr. William A. Hammond says that the reason why life-insurance companies decline to issue policies to women is because of woman's inability to be exact in regard to her age, in regard to the diseases she may have had, in regard to her mode of life, and in regard to other matters in which exactness is required.

—The life of a popular novelist can not be wholly happy, according to a late reviewer. To feel, whether one is undergoing the miseries of a gale in the Bay of Biscay or watching a Nile sunset from the deck of a smooth-gliding dahabeeyah, whether one be amid the stern grandeur of the Highlands or in the softer scenery of Oatlands Park, whether one shoot in Ireland or fish in Scotland, that one's sensations and experiences are not one's own, but part of one's stock in trade, must rather detract from the enjoyment of life.

—Jules Claretie on Alexandre Dumas: "When Dumas died he was almost forgotten. The last years of his life had been sad. His novels were no longer read, and his dramas no longer accepted. But since then justice has been done to him; this great celebrity has recovered his rank, and the next generation will admire him as we used to admire him. I know very clever men who prefer a tale of Mérimée's to all the romances of Dumas. I also know lovers of flowers who prefer a rare rose to a leafy forest. I prefer the power of nature and the luxuriance of genius. And then Dumas was kind, simple, sympathetic, without haughtiness and without affectation. He had all the faults and also many of the virtues of France."

—At a public meeting in London, over which Lady Brassey presided, Miss Simcox asked: "What respectable, responsible lady would offer a char-woman sixpence a day and no meals? Yet ladies buy goods of employers who pay women at that rate for their hard work."

—Mr. J. A. Froude's latest magazine article is devoted to Martin Luther. He waxes enthusiastic over the Reformer. "The appearance of Luther before the Diet of Worms is one of the finest—perhaps it is the very finest—scene in human history. Many a man has encountered death bravely for a cause which he knows to be just, when he is sustained by the sympathy of thousands, of whom he is at the moment the champion and the representative. But it is one thing to suffer, and another to encounter face to face and single-handed the array of spiritual and temporal authorities which are ruling supreme. Luther's very cause was yet unshaped and undetermined, and the minds of those who had admired and followed him were hanging in suspense for the issue of the trial. There was on one side a solitary low-born peasant monk, and on the other the legate of the dreaded power which had broken the spirit of kings and emperors. Well might George of Frendsburg say that no knight among the assembled princes of Germany had ever faced a peril that could equal this!"


The Lake.
Broadway:
Champion Spring in Winter
In Summer

SCENES IN AND AROUND SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 470.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

THE RECTOR HAS FRIENDS TO DINNER.

All this was before Maud's time. Her advent had naturally brought about a change both in the appearance of the house and in the habits of those who frequented it, and her skill had effected a transformation in the Rectory drawing-room which Mrs. Farquhar either had not been able or had not cared to accomplish for ours. In those days the national taste with regard to domestic decoration had not been raised to its present exalted level; nevertheless, it was into an extremely pretty room that I followed my uncle and Mrs. Farquhar on the evening above alluded to. I don't suppose much additional money had been laid out upon it. The carpet, the sofas, and the chairs were the old familiar ones, which had probably been purchased by the late Mrs. Dennison before Maud's birth; but some people have a wonderful knack of re-arrangement, and can achieve the most astonishing results with the simplest of materials to work upon. I did not then scrutinize details as one learns to do with advancing years; all I saw was that by some magic or other a wilderness had been turned into a garden. There were flowers everywhere; a bank of them could be seen in the dim conservatory upon which one of the windows opened. The faint scent of them filled the air. The light did not come from glaring lamps placed on a level with one's eyes, like ours at home, but fell softly from wax candles in the old sconces on the wall. Maud, in a pale blue dress, the fashion of which I will not particularize, lest to the reader's unaccustomed eyes it should seem less charming than it really was, rose from the piano as we made our entrance; the Rector beamed upon us from the hearth-rug, and advanced, holding out both hands.

"Well, Le Marchant, this is a treat. How long is it since you last dined in my house? You don't remember, eh? Nor do I; but I know it's a good many years. Can't say you haven't been asked, though. Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I quite understand. Turning out at night is a nuisance, and one grows lazy as one grows old. Isn't that so, Mrs. Farquhar? We are all apt to grow lazy—all except you. You set us a grand example in that respect. To tell you the truth, I should be inclined to renounce going to dinner parties myself if it were not for Maud. It wouldn't be fair to shut her out of all society. No party to-night, you know—only ourselves. I asked young Warren to join us, but he says he can't spare an evening—reading hard for his degree. Good fellow that—capital fellow. Charley, my friend, go and do likewise. You imitate George Warren, and we'll imitate Mrs. Farquhar, and then it 'll be all right, won't it?"

The good Rector's voluble welcome had a touch of nervousness in it. Very likely he as well as I may have counted upon Mrs. Farquhar's refusal of the invitation sent to her, and he may have felt some anxiety as to the spirit in which she would meet his advances. She, while he was speaking, had been letting her eyes roam round the room and its adornments. Obviously she was saying to herself: "Roses in January! And in the parish clergyman's house, too! This is not as it should be; this shows sinful waste and extravagance. How many starving families might have been relieved with the money that has been lavished on rearing these useless flowers!" But she did not express her thoughts aloud. No one could be more agreeable than Mrs. Farquhar when it pleased her to be so, and such was her pleasure now. She made a brisk, sprightly little speech to the Rector in acknowledgment of his compliment to her activity; she took Maud's hand and patted it quite affectionately, whispering, "My dear, what a lovely dress!"—and so by-and-by we all went in to dinner upon terms of peace and harmony.

I really believe that Mrs. Farquhar intended to be pleasant and to keep the peace that evening. I think she was indistinctly conscious that there were people who disliked contradiction, that my uncle was one of them, and that the Rector possibly was another; and although this might strike her as a weak and somewhat contemptible trait in a person's character, I am inclined to give her credit for a kindly willingness to make allowances for it. I know that she was putting some sort of vigorous restraint upon herself, because I saw her more than once gasp and shut up her lips tightly, instead of uttering the observation which was evidently upon the tip of her tongue.

But it was impossible that she should go on in this way very long. Her notion of conversation was discussion, and when warmth and good cheer had produced the effect upon her which they produce upon all of us, she naturally felt a wish to converse. Then she began to discuss; and my uncle, who had been unusually cheerful and chatty up to that moment, subsided into silence. The rest of us, I think, behaved pretty well. We all knew by this time that there was no sort of use in arguing with Mrs. Farquhar, and we endeavored, by a prompt and pusillanimous surrender of our opinions, and a hasty skipping from subject to subject, to stave off the encounter for which her soul was thirsting. The worst of this system of dialogue is that it becomes bewildering after the first ten minutes or so, and is apt to lead one into introducing a dangerous topic from sheer inadvertence and lack of something to say. Thus it was that the Rector, putting his helm hard a-port to avoid the Scylla of politics, steered full into the Charybdis of cricket on Sunday afternoons (an innovation which had been introduced during the summer into an adjoining parish), and had declared this to be an excellent idea before he could stop himself.

Mrs. Farquhar threw up her hands in consternation. "Mr. Dennison," she exclaimed, "you take my breath away!"

But this was only a figure of speech: her breath served her very well for the delivery of a spirited harangue, in which the sin of desecrating the Sabbath, and the consequences entailed thereby, were set forth in the plainest terms.

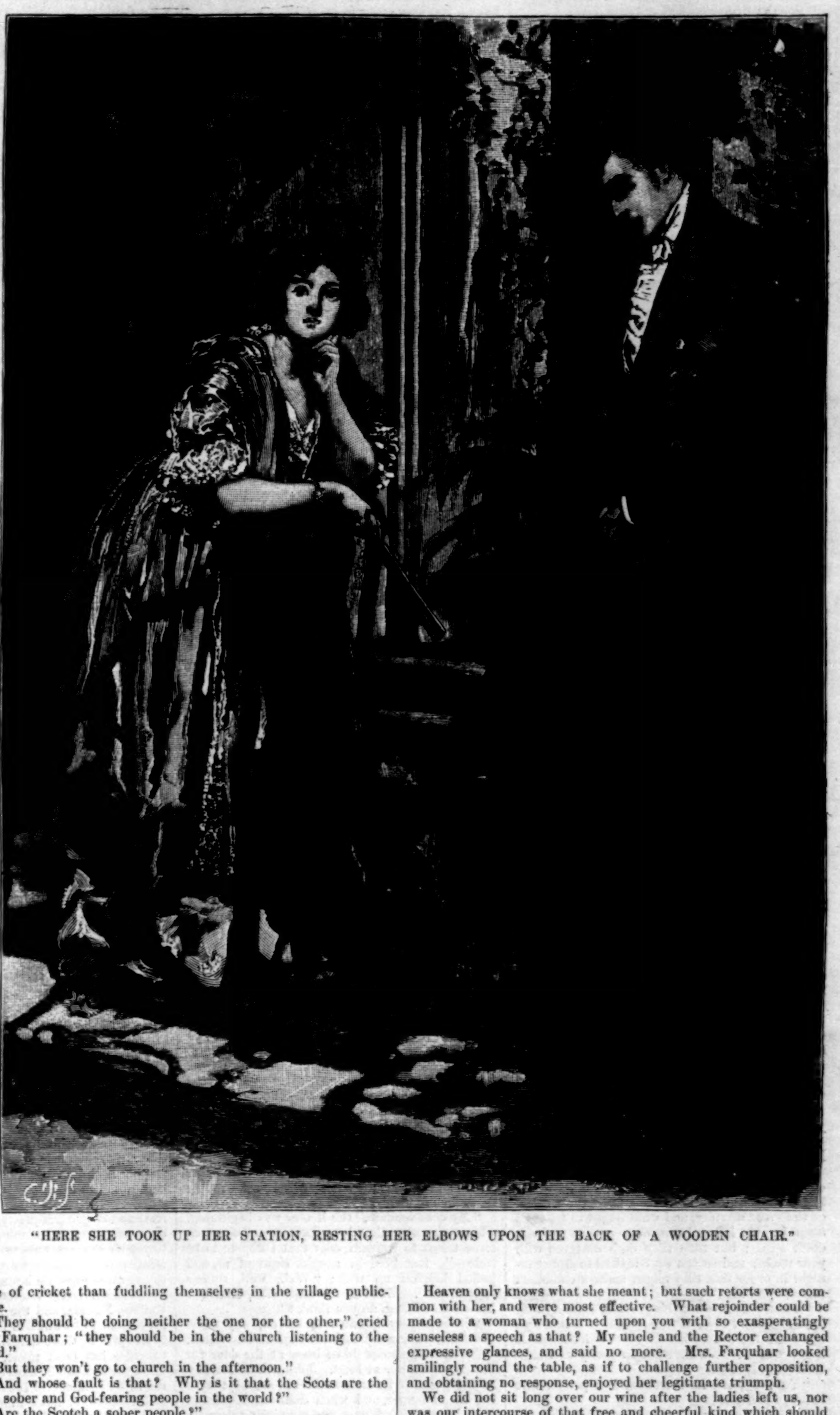
"Well, well," observed the Rector, when she had done, "I know you don't take quite the same view of the matter in Scotland that we do."

"Mr. Dennison," said the old lady, impressively, "do you or do you not read the Fourth Commandment to the people every Sabbath day in church?"

"Why, of course I do," answered the Rector, turning at bay; "but the Fourth Commandment enjoins abstinence from work, not from play; and, besides, the Sabbath is a Jewish institution, wholly distinct from our Sunday."

Mrs. Farquhar rejoined that if we were to begin explaining away the Commandments in that fashion, it was not easy to see where we were to stop. Did Mr. Dennison consider himself at liberty to put his own interpretation upon all the precepts laid down in the Bible? And so the controversy went on for a quarter of an hour. Everybody has heard so often all that there is to be said upon this subject, and everybody is so heartily sick of it, that the details of this particular dispute need not be recorded.

Of course the Rector got the worst of it. He ended by urging feebly that it was better for young men to be playing a healthy game of cricket than fuddling themselves in the village public-house.



"HERE SHE TOOK UP HER STATION, RESTING HER ELBOWS UPON THE BACK OF A WOODEN CHAIR."

"They should be doing neither the one nor the other," cried Mrs. Farquhar; "they should be in the church listening to the Word."

"But they won't go to church in the afternoon."

"And whose fault is that? Why is it that the Scots are the most sober and God-fearing people in the world?"

"Are the Scotch a sober people?"

"They are. And why? Because the ministers do their duty; because a man who profaned the Sabbath by playing cricket upon it anywhere north of the Tweed would be—eh!—I think he would be just stoned. To say that they will not go to church is nonsense. They should be made to go. Show me a godless parish, and I will show you a godless minister."

"My dear mother!" remonstrated my uncle.

"I'm speaking generally, Bernard. Mr. Dennison will understand that, I'm sure."

The Rector kept his temper. "Admitting, for the sake of argument—" he began.

"Oh," interrupted Mrs. Farquhar, with a shake of her head and a smile, "I would be sorry to admit anything for the sake of argument. I think that would be a very poor reason for making admissions."

My uncle had a little laugh at this; and the Rector continued, with some slight impatience: "Admitting that the Church of England clergy are an inefficient body, the problem remains the same. Here you have a number of young men who won't consent to spend the greater part of their one weekly holiday in church; how are you to keep them from spending it in the ale-house?"

"Not by leading them out of one sin into another," answered Mrs. Farquhar, decisively. "The minister's duty is to uphold his testimony. If they will not hear him, he is not to blame, and he has no authority to interfere with a sinner's liberty of choice. Let him uphold his testimony. I do not think, Mr. Dennison," she added, quietly, "that you have given that plan a trial as yet."

"Are you not a little bit illogical, mother?" struck in my uncle, perceiving that the speaker was no longer dealing with generalities, and deeming it time to effect a diversion. "You said just now that the sinners ought to be coerced."

"Nay, my dear Bernard," answered Mrs. Farquhar in accents of gentle reproof, "I think it is you who are illogical."

Heaven only knows what she meant; but such retorts were common with her, and were most effective. What rejoinder could be made to a woman who turned upon you with so exasperatingly senseless a speech as that? My uncle and the Rector exchanged expressive glances, and said no more. Mrs. Farquhar looked smilingly round the table, as if to challenge further opposition, and obtaining no response, enjoyed her legitimate triumph.

We did not sit long over our wine after the ladies left us, nor was our intercourse of that free and cheerful kind which should have been a natural result of the occasion. I think that my uncle wanted to apologize for Mrs. Farquhar's rudeness, and that the Rector wished to say it was a matter of no importance at all; but it was not exactly easy for either of them to put his thoughts into words; and so the Rector's Madeira hardly received its just meed of attention.

When we entered the drawing-room I left the old people to themselves—for it seemed to me that too much time had been frittered away in listening to their disputes—and made straight for the corner where Maud was sitting, with a look of patient resignation upon her face.

"Come into the conservatory," I said, boldly; "I want to see that new flower." I made this demand upon the sound old principle that it is always well to ask for more than you expect to get. There is something in the very name of a conservatory which suggests flirtation, and I thought that an immediate move thither was just the sort of thing that would be certain to strike Maud as ridiculous. So that it was something of a surprise to me to see her rise at once and step out through the open window without a word.

I followed her into the dusk and fragrance beyond, not without a momentary uncomfortable consciousness of the smile which was probably stealing over the features of the three mature observers behind my back, and she passed on till she reached the glass door which opened on to the lawn. Here she took up her station, resting her elbows upon the back of a wooden chair, and gazing out at the pale moonlight of a misty winter night. The situation was a delightful and thrilling one, and if I could only have found language in which to clothe the thoughts that were struggling for utterance within me, I should certainly have astonished my companion very much. But I was young and inexperienced, and didn't know how to begin; so I held my peace.

By-and-by she turned round, as if she had only just remembered my presence, and asked, "Was it the auriculas that you wanted to see?"

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

"No," I answered; "it wasn't the auriculas."

"Nor the hydrangeas?"

"No."

"Nor the unique pelargonium which we would not sell for its weight in gold?"

"Well, no; I think not."

"Ah," she said, gravely, "that is just as well; because none of these flowers happen to be in bloom, as you might have known. If it is not an impertinent question, what *did* you want to see?"

"I wanted to see the most beautiful flower that the Rectory ever possessed, or ever will possess," I replied, audaciously. "I wanted to see you."

"Oh," said Maud, who did not appear to be either flattered or fluttered by this direct and original compliment. "I think," she added, consideringly, after a minute or two—"I think, if I were you, Charley, I wouldn't try to say pretty things. At least I would put off all attempts of the kind for several years. Thank you very much, all the same; I know you meant it well; but, between ourselves, it did sound rather idiotic."

"And if I were you," I retorted, warmly, "I wouldn't try to say sharp things. You only succeed in being ill-natured."

She drew herself up, and looked decidedly offended, which was a salve to my wounded feelings. "I do not like to be called ill-natured," said she.

"Neither do I like to be called idiotic," I remarked.

"But I did not call you so. I said you had made a speech which sounded idiotic, and so it did. Besides, I only told you as a friend, and for your own good. If I had not, you might have gone and said the same thing to somebody else, who would have laughed at you in her sleeve, without making any kind allowances, as I do."

"I should never have said the same thing to any one else in the world," I declared.

"Perhaps, after all, somebody else would have been pleased. Some day or other somebody else is sure to be pleased when you say idiotic things to her; only you ought to have more sense of appropriateness. No sane person would ever think of telling his sister that she was like a flower, and I want you to look upon me as a sort of sister—an elder sister."

"Now I do wonder," I exclaimed, "whether you speak like that just in order to enrage me, or whether you really mean it?"

"Why should it enrage you?" asked Maud, with an air of the most innocent surprise. "Would you not like to have a sister?—or is it that you still object to my calling myself older than you? I can't help that, if you will persist in having such boyish ways. Only boys get angry at being told they are young."

This was too much! If in truth she regarded me in the light of a boy and a brother, what had she meant by looking at me as she had done after I pulled her out of the water? I turned away in deep dudgeon. "Had we not better go back to the drawing-room?" I asked, with dignity.

But she burst out laughing. "How easy it is to send you off into a huff!" she exclaimed. "Please forgive me for this once, and I will try not to give offense again. No, we won't go back to the drawing-room yet, unless you are in a particular hurry. Do you know why I came out here?"

"Not to please me, evidently," I answered.

"No, not to please you; only to get you out of the way. I knew they wanted to talk about you, those three, and I suppose they are talking about you at this moment."

"How do you know they are talking about me?" I asked.

"My father let it out—you know how he lets everything out. It seems that Mrs. Farquhar has been consulting him lately upon the subject of the great mystery, and what ought to be done about it. As far as I can make out, he and she don't agree; but then they both disagree with your uncle; and so you were invited to dinner to-night in order that they might make a combined attack upon him."

"I don't know what this precious mystery may be, and I don't care," I said; "but if it concerns my uncle and me, I wish they would let us settle it between us. We have got on pretty well hitherto without help."

"Yes; but Mr. Le Marchant is a person who listens to advice."

"He hardly ever takes it, though," I cried, eager to clear my uncle from an imputation which it appeared to me had been uttered with a certain spice of contempt.

Maud made no rejoinder. She had shifted her attitude a little, and was now leaning against the wood-work which supported the tiers of flower-pots, with her elbow resting upon one of the steps, and her hand under her chin. The pale moonlight fell upon her face, which wore a serious look. "How I should have hated to live in the days when there were no railways or telegraphs, and no post to speak of!" she exclaimed at last, quite irrelevantly.

I said the world under those conditions would not have suited me very well either, and asked what had put the thought of that benighted era into her head.

"I was only thinking," she answered, "that it is not quite so bad to part with one's friends nowadays as it would have been then. Of course you will change a great deal—that can't be helped. Still, I suppose you will come down to the old place from time to time, and see us all jogging on in the old way, till some of us jog off altogether. You won't lose sight of us and forget all about us. Fifty years ago a young man went out into the world, and there was an end of him. When he came back his friends had to make acquaintance with him all over again, and there must have been a good deal of mutual disappointment."

"I don't know exactly what you mean by going out into the world," I said. "I am not going to do that, that I know of."

"Oh," she said, quietly, "I think you will go. I think you may make up your mind to that."

"Of course," I agreed, "I shall go into some profession, but it won't take me any farther away than London, most likely, and I shall be down here so often that perhaps you may not be disappointed in me. The process of deterioration will be so gradual that I hope you won't notice it."

"Yes, that is a cheering thought," replied Maud, gravely. "Also it is just possible that you may not deteriorate. But it does not do to count upon the future." She added, abruptly, turning her eyes full upon me, "I hope you don't count upon things too much."

I was greatly taken aback, and my heart died within me, for it seemed to me that her words could have but one meaning. I stammered out some incoherent reply, and she continued, earnestly:

"Don't count upon anything until it is yours; that is so much the best way. All kinds of things may happen. General Le Marchant may marry, and have children, for instance, which would make it rather difficult for your uncle to leave Thirlby away from him. And, after all, I suppose there is some truth in what people say—that it is a much finer thing to earn one's fortune than to inherit it."

"Oh, Thirlby!" I said, greatly relieved; "if that is all, there was no need to caution me against overconfidence. I know well enough that I have no claim upon the property, and I have never looked forward to inheriting it. The fact is that I couldn't look forward to anything that involved the dear old man's death. You don't understand, of course—"

"Oh yes, I do," she interrupted.

"Well, you don't know him as I do, and it would be impossible for you to understand how I feel toward him. He has been a great deal more than a father to me; he has been all and everything until—until lately."

"Until Mrs. Farquhar came, you mean?"

That was not exactly what I had meant, but I had not the courage to be more explicit; and Maud went on:

"I was wrong about Mrs. Farquhar, and you were right, I admit. I would give anything now to get her out of the place; but she won't go; and probably I shall suffer from her more than you will, if that is any comfort to you. I am very glad to hear that you do not take it for granted that you will be Squire of Thirlby one day. Perhaps you will be; but I fancy that there is a doubt about it, and it is best to be prepared for disappointments. Now tell me, what are you going to be?—soldier, sailor, tinker, or tailor?"

This question led us into a protracted and very interesting conversation, during which I quite recovered my temper and spirits, and which ended by my companion's presenting me with a flower, to keep me in countenance, as she said, on my re-appearance before the company, and to give me a plausible air of having been engaged in botanical research.

The company, however, when we returned to it, asked no questions, and were apparently not disposed to be censorious. The company wore a slightly flushed and jaded aspect, as after a long disputation. Two-thirds of it were still eager and aggressive, while the minority showed signs of exhaustion, albeit a meek determination to hold his own was legible upon his countenance. Evidently the combined attack had taken place; and it also seemed that the allies had fallen out during the progress of operations, as allies will do; for, when we stepped into the room, Mrs. Farquhar, whose back was toward us, was saying, in a high, emphatic voice, "Well, Mr. Dennison, I must differ from you altogether, and it is my opinion that you are advising Bernard wrongly as well as foolishly."

"My dear madam," the Rector was beginning, with some warmth, "I might apply those very same terms to yourself, only that I dislike to be rude—" But here he caught sight of us, and pulled himself up with: "Well, well, there's enough said. What is the night like, Charley? More rain coming, do you think?"

"It is twenty minutes to eleven," my uncle observed, getting up and looking at his watch. "The carriage must have been at the door for the last half-hour at least. John will be seriously displeased if he and the horses are kept waiting much longer, and when John is displeased both he and his horses are generally taken ill, and are unfit for service for periods varying from a fortnight to three weeks."

The Rector begged us not to think of moving yet awhile: in those days, and in that part of the country, one's entertainers always made a point of protesting against one's departure. I don't know whether they do it still. But we put on our coats and wraps in spite of these friendly entreaties, and we were soon rumbling away in the heavy old green coach which had belonged to my uncle's father, and very likely to his grandfather too.

The first part of our short drive was accomplished in silence; but although the darkness prevented me from distinguishing the features of my opposite neighbors, I felt instinctively that Mrs. Farquhar was in a state of ferment, and before we were half-way across the park she burst out with, "A willful man must have his way, and the consequence will be upon his own head; but I would like just to warn Charley—"

"Excuse me, mother," interrupted my uncle; "but I would rather not re-open the subject just now."

"I'm not re-opening the subject, Bernard; only I think that there should be an end of secrecy. The truth must be told some day, and better now than later."

"We will say no more about it for the present, if you please," answered my uncle.

His voice had an authoritative inflection which was very unusual with him.

Mrs. Farquhar, I suppose, was overawed, for she said no more, and, as soon as we reached the house, went upstairs, after bidding us good-night quite meekly.

I was about to follow her example, but my uncle took me by the arm. "Come into the library, Charley," said he; "we have got to go through a disagreeable half-hour, you and I. As my mother says, better now than later."

I glanced curiously at his face, which was pale and very grave, and I noticed that there was a drawn look about the corners of his mouth, as though he were in pain. "My dear old man," I said, "don't tell me anything, if you would rather not."

He looked back at me, smiling. "I fear we can't shirk it any longer," he answered. "If I don't tell you, somebody else will; and, after all, these things generally hurt more in the anticipation than in the reality. I shall be glad to have spoken, when it is over and done with."

So I gave the arm which he had passed through mine a squeeze, and in that fashion we entered the library, where the fire was burning brightly, and my uncle's arm-chair and slippers were waiting for him.

[To be continued.]

THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

General Crook, the hero of the daring though bloodless campaign against the Apaches in Mexico, is the reputed author of the remark that "it is cheaper to feed an Indian than to fight him." This simple maxim is the basis of much of what is vaguely called the Indian policy of the government, and it is perfectly sound as far as it goes. Unfortunately it does not go very far. If it be cheaper to feed the Indian than to fight him, it is still cheaper in the long-run, as well as wiser and more humane, to teach him to feed himself, and to conduct himself in all ways as a civilized person and a citizen of the United States. That is the goal which from time to time those in authority in the Department of the Interior and in the Bureau of Indian Affairs have set for themselves, and toward which there has been made irregular but real progress. The first step was to see that the feeding process was honestly and fairly done, that the Indians got all that was bought for them, and that as much was bought as the money appropriated would pay for. This was accomplished by the appointment of the Indian Commission—a separate body of citizens chosen for their established reputation for integrity and business capacity, to whom was intrusted the supervision of the contracts and the inspection of the materials bought. Theirs was a troublesome and at first a thankless task, but it has finally been done. In their last report the Commission, of which General Clinton B. Fisk is chairman, declared: "Under the present joint management of the Interior Department and the Board no favoritism is shown; everything is done openly and fairly, and the parties that offer the most suitable goods and at the lowest prices get the contract."

But while the goods distributed to the Indians are honestly bought and fairly given out, there is one radical difficulty in the existing system. The idle, marauding, turbulent Indians are much more promptly served and better treated than the peaceful and orderly Indians, who are desirous of getting lands of their own, and raising their own supplies. This is due partly to the frequent changes in the Bureau and in the Interior Department, and partly to the carelessness and ignorance of Congress. The Bureau has not money or men enough at its command to do its work thoroughly, and it is extremely natural that when trouble is threatened its time and means should be devoted to avoid it, while the rest of its work suffers. The result is unavoidable that while the restless savages get pretty much what they want, there are tribes in Oregon and Washington Territory who are yet waiting for the fulfillment of treaties made nearly thirty years since, guaranteeing them separate homesteads, and the Indian Commission name ten other tribes in Dakota, Kansas, Nevada, and the Indian Territory whom they know to be anxious for such allotments.

In spite of these difficulties, very considerable progress has been made. In 1868 there were less than 900,000 bushels of grain and vegetables raised by Indians; in 1882 the quantity was nearly 3,800,000, or more than four times as much. The amount of hay increased nine times, the number of cattle and swine more than ten times, while the number of sheep advanced from 2683 to 1,304,730. The acreage of land cultivated increased from 54,207 to 569,982. These are eloquent figures. They are absolutely convincing as to the possibility of ultimately bringing all the Indians into a self-supporting condition. Necessarily the work will be slow and arduous; but it is distinctly practicable, and its accomplishment is the one supreme duty of the national government.

Apart from the obvious duty of the government to encourage the settlement of adult Indians upon lands where they can earn their own living, and their occupation in civilized pursuits, there is the work of education to be energetically pushed. Here, too, there has been a fair commencement, after much doubt, hesitation, and uncertainty. Not only have the normal schools at Hampton and Carlisle done excellent service, but the agency schools, mainly supported by various religious societies, have made a very good beginning. Probably a little more than one in five of the Indian children of school age now actually attend school in one way or another, while the number is steadily increasing. The industrial schools have turned out pupils who make very fair workmen, and will do better as they gain experience. A tribute to their success is paid by some of the whites in the neighborhoods where they are engaged, who are already raising the cry that they are encroaching on the labor market which ought to be reserved for the pale-skins. In this direction just enough has been done to show that much more is possible, and to make further effort an imperative duty.

One thing is plain: we ought to hear no more of the senseless and brutal denunciation of all Indians as treacherous. General Crook intrusted his own life and the lives of all his officers in the hands of a body of armed Indian scouts, outnumbering the whites five to one, in the heart of a savage country, and in the face of an Indian enemy of the most desperate character. He had hardly plunged into the mountains before the frontiersmen spread the report that he had been murdered, with all his white men, by his Indian scouts. There was not a word of truth in it. The scouts were perfectly faithful. In the same connection it must be noted that the government employs some nine hundred Indians as a police force. The experiment was begun five years ago this summer, and its success is entirely satisfactory. The men are distributed among forty agencies. "They are," says Indian Commissioner Price, "proud of being considered United States soldiers, and are uniformly faithful and true to the government. Wearing the uniform of officers of the law, they have an educational influence over their associates the value of which can not be estimated." The privates receive eight dollars per month, the sergeants get ten, and the commissioned officers fifteen dollars per month. How often does the police force of any city, composed of white men, and paid ten times as much, deserve such a tribute as these Indians receive? Such tests as these of the capacity of Indians for civilized life are conclusive as to the folly of the old policy of neglect or extermination.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

The Indian *Se-rach-ta-gue*, meaning "the hill-side country of the great river," and pronounced by Peter Philip Schuyler, to whom it was sold by the Mohawks in 1684, "Saratoga," did not include the world-famous mineral springs of that name. It was the name of the Indian hunting ground lying on both sides of the upper Hudson for fifteen miles south of the "great bend," and bounded on the west by Saratoga Lake. The territory in which the springs are located was known as *Kayaderossera*, "the lake country," and was a famous Indian resort; for not only did its lakes and streams teem with fish, but it was filled with game of all descriptions, attracted to it in countless numbers by the saline properties of its mineral waters. To this hunter's paradise the Indians of the powerful Iroquois nation, leaving their castles on the Mohawk, betook themselves each summer, erected their lodges near the springs, drank of their waters, and in their way enjoyed a season at Saratoga as thoroughly as their pale-faced successors do in theirs to-day.

Lying in the angle formed by the confluence of the Hudson and Mohawk, and at the intersection of the great northern and western war trails, this beautiful valley for hundreds of years formed a debatable ground, and from the time that Champlain found the Algonquins and Iroquois at war with each other until Burgoyne surrendered to Gates in its very heart, it was the scene of incessant bloodshed.

The only flowing mineral spring known to the Indians in this valley was the High Rock, and the first white man to visit it was an invalid French officer brought to it, to be healed, by the Northern Indians, from Fort Carillon, at the outlet of Lake George. The next white man, and the first Englishman, who tested the wonderful healing properties of these waters was Sir William Johnson, who built Fort William Henry, on Lake George, and who was brought here on the shoulders of his devoted Mohawks from Schenectady in August, 1767.

Until 1773 no white man had attempted to make a settlement near the springs; but in that year a hardy Dutchman named Dirk Schouten made a small clearing and built a cabin on the bluff just west of High Rock Spring. He quarrelled with the Indians, and was driven away by them before the summer was over; and the following year John Arnold, from Rhode Island, took possession of the deserted cabin, enlarged it, and opened in it a rude tavern, the pioneer hotel of Saratoga. It was surrounded by Indian lodges filled with savage occupants, and the rocky ledge on which it was built swarmed so with rattlesnakes that Arnold's guests often hung their beds from limbs of trees for fear of them.

In 1783 General Schuyler built the first summer cottage, or, as he called it, "hunting lodge," at the springs, and cut a rude road to them from old Saratoga, now Schuylersville. Nine years later the famous Congress Spring was discovered by Governor John Gilman, of New Hampshire, while hunting in the woods within a mile of the tavern. These two, the High Rock and Congress, are the only natural-flowing springs of the score or more now existing at Saratoga, all the others having been bored for; and several of those in Geyserville are said to have been discovered by persons who were boring for oil. One of the winter sights of Saratoga is the Champion Spring scattering its feathery spray over the ever-growing ice-dome with which it surrounds itself, and covering it with the most delicate silver fretting. In summer the same spring escapes in a plume-like jet from the end of a pipe ten feet above the earth. This pipe is being gradually enveloped with an accretion of lime, which causes it to resemble a huge stalagmite.

In 1800, Gideon Putnam, who had settled at the springs ten years before, bought the land on which the Grand Union Hotel now stands, and built what was then thought to be a very large and commodious hotel. It was called the Putnam Tavern; and its sign-board hangs above the rear piazza of the Grand Union to this day. Fifteen years later Congress Hall was opened, and in 1824 the United States was built. These are now among the largest hotels in the world, and their fame extends as far as the name of Saratoga.

During the height of a Saratoga season, which is during the month of August, there is no gayer nor more animated scene in the world than that presented by Broadway, the main avenue of the village, and the one on which are situated the principal hotels and the finest private dwelling-houses. As far as the eye can see it is filled with carriages of all descriptions, private and public, the former superbly appointed, and the latter imitating them as far as possible. In their midst tower the lumbering Tally-hos, laden with merry parties going to or coming from the races, with horns tooting, horses prancing, and everybody happy. The walks are thronged with finely dressed promenaders, bands play on the hotel piazzas, all is glitter and bustle, and over all arch the double rows of stately elms of which the villagers are so justly proud.

The present season at Saratoga opened very early, and is now showing every indication of a prosperity and splendor that recall the "good old times before the war," when to spend a season at the springs was the ambition of every Southern-born American man and woman.

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

There are certain temperaments without doubt so sensitive to atmospheric changes as to give credence to, if not to warrant, the strange theories formed on the subject, and Stephana's was one of these. The superlative grandeur of the storm acted no less upon her imagination than the phenomenal conditions accompanying it, affecting her physical powers. For a brief spell she surrendered herself to a double influence, the one rendering her mental faculties abnormally alert, the other diminishing or subduing bodily force, subjecting it momentarily, not to will, but to something that may be even stronger. At such moments, when given up absolutely to phantasy, spiritual vision, call her mood by what name we please, Stephana would be as unconscious of the actual world as an infant in sweet sleep. The storm having taken possession of her spirit, the physical incumbrance remained inert, and the bodily faculties in abeyance, and although the sublimity and awfulness of nature in this rare mood were apparent to her vaguely as in a dream, to all else she was irresponsive, and indeed insensible. Called by name at such times, she did not hear; wrapt in an ecstasy which others could not understand, she was deaf, blind, mute to the visible material world. And in that dream-world whither none could follow her, she must be waited for as some bird that has soared into cloud-land, but will duly return to its nest. It was this habit of abstraction that perhaps more than any other characteristic made Stephana an enigma to her friends. What could so absorb her mind as to render it dull to actualities; and why should she thus voluntarily lend herself to speculations having such a result? For, said all, she was mistress of herself, she might overcome this mental habit if she would. But Stephana had every reason for encouraging thoughts and fancies more beautiful by far than those steeped in realities. She was a silent poet, one of those choice spirits that are intoxicated with spiritual and intellectual beauty, and at the same time alive in every fibre to the warfare between good and evil disturbing the tranquillity of the world. The loveliness revealed to her inner vision entranced, dazzled; but the sorrow that followed a contemplation of life as it is, dimmed her eyes with tears. Compensatory are ever the higher gifts. If Stephana suffered much more than her fellows because she realized more intensely the bitterness of sin and wrong, at the same time hope and goodness shone upon her with intenser, mellower light. She sorrowed more, but who rejoiced with equal favor? And just as the inner vision consoles the poet and reveals to him a world of loveliness that is as a reflex of this, yet far more lovely, so Stephana, poet without a lyre, had consolations for her own especial sorrows of which others knew not. When Christina and Colette entered the room, she met them with her usual smile of welcome, and except an extraordinary brightness in her eyes and unusual pallor on her cheeks, there was nothing to denote the crisis through which she had just passed.

"I was coming to you," she said, and again she smiled and looked at each doubtfully, uncertain as to the effect her disclosures might have. "Whilst you have been watching the storm and the sea, I have been gazing on light and darkness more awful still. But sit down and I will tell you everything."

The pair obeyed, not loath. It was the first time that Stephana had opened her lips to either on the subject of her dreams and phantasies, and now she sat down and told her story as if it were an ordinary narrative.

"The storm came upon me quite by surprise, as it must have done on yourselves," she said, leaning forward in her chair, and seeming to see the things she described. "I had thrown off my heavy gown and opened my window, overcome by the sudden sultriness, when a wondrous flash of lightning—such a flash as I had never before witnessed—drove me back. I sank into my chair, trembling, not with fear, but with emotion. The sight of the dark sea and the lightning playing upon it was so majestic, so indescribably awful! The present and all that was taking place now passed from my ken. I gazed, but not on tangible things; I hearkened, but to no earthly voice."

She covered her eyes as if to shut out all that could interfere with the vividness of the mental picture she was drawing, and went on:

"It was as if the fair face of the earth had vanished from my sight, and instead I saw light and darkness only—light so dazzling, yet so lovely, so splendid, so beneficent, that I seemed now to gaze upon it for the first time, while the darkness filled my soul with terror. No words can describe it. A darkness swallowing, ingulfing, every luminous particle that approached it; a darkness striving to encroach upon the confines of light. As I gazed and gazed I discovered a broad shining track dividing what preshadowed to my mind not only day and night, but life and death, time and eternity. This luminous path, whose end and beginning I could not see, was garlanded on either side by troops of angelic figures. Most beautiful and terrible were they, all those sentinelling the kingdom of light being of its very essence, starry, radiant, ineffable, with rays about their seraphic brows, and a whiteness more dazzling than silver or Alpine snow upon their wings, whilst the legion guarding the realms of darkness were as night incarnate, fearful to behold, blackness on their foreheads, ebon of wing, sable-raimented, fit harbingers they of a night that should never see any dawn, children of the Death that has no beginning and no end. I gazed and gazed, and by-and-by discerned the occupation of these angelic battalions. For, gazing down into the abyss in which the fair broad way was lost below, and high into the heavens where it vanished also, I now saw what I can only describe as flames or small wing-like apparitions fluttering upward. Once having made out their presence, as it happens to star-gazers, I soon saw twenty where before I had seen but one, and by-and-by the space between the two regions I could see was filled with them: fluttering feebly they came, some lighter and more conspicuous than others, none wholly dark, and each moving hither with free voluntary movements like those of a bird. I discovered also that each of these small wing-like flames was followed by a light and a dark angel, who seemed striving to entice it, the one to the right, the other to the left. As I gazed I discerned that when any one was drawn close to the boundaries of the light or the dark kingdom, straightway it was absorbed. Then the light burned brighter and brighter; the gloom grew more and more intense. But that especial little flame was lost to sight, merged either in the supernal day or night. Strange and moving was it to see this contest going on, and the transformation brought about, these myriads upon myriads with their attendant administering spirits, attracted now nearer the light, now toward the borders of darkness, at last absorbed by the one or ingulfed into the horrible abyss of the other. There was music too; whence it came I knew not, but it reached my ears from afar, and alternated—now exultant and joyful, a bridal song, a triumphant march, a jubilant chorus; now sad as a dirge or funeral knell, so sad that I wept to hear. I was weeping thus when suddenly I heard a voice anear, and without daring to look up, knew that it was one of the seraphic spirits sent hither to comfort me.

"'Weep not,' he said, in a voice sweet but awful. 'Gaze and be instructed. To the mind of man much of the knowledge he desires is denied him, but thus much know and teach others. In yonder track of light see prefigured human life, which is but a warfare between shining goodness and dark sin, each unit of the multitudes born on earth fighting under one banner or the other. If it is ordained that the life after the tomb remain an enigma to earthly sojourners, and all except life itself mysterious, at least know that the soul vanquished by evil makes the sum of universal darkness vaster and more portentous, whilst the gain of the humblest spirit to truth and loveliness is as another ray of light, beaming not only on this world, but throughout the entire universe, and not only to-day, but always. Ask not, then, earthly, much less heavenly rewards, O children of men. Is it no reward to have added to God's best gift, man's best heritage, Light, forever and forever?'"

Little was said at the time, but Christina thanked her cousin warmly, and Colette's tearful eyes afforded grateful comment. The next morning the projected departure took place without unusually affectionate adieux. About an hour afterward, however, Stephana found a note on her desk. It bore the well-known lozenge, with Christina's initials and motto underneath. "For one and the world." There was no letter, but the envelope held merely a slip of paper folded round a check. The draft was for five thousand pounds, and on the slip were written these words, "Save my soul by your prayers."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A few days after these events Valerian suddenly appeared at Steppie's door, just at the time Arthura was at home. Steppie was the first to perceive him in the distance. She was one of those persons who can never so wholly absorb themselves in any occupation as not to see and hear every trifling thing going on around them, and the distant glimpse of Valerian was caught while she busily cast up her housekeeping books.

"Oh!" she said, half crying, "misfortune on misfortune! I said that a series of calamities would happen when I overturned the inkstand on Benjamine's white frock this morning. Mr. Hermitage, Arthura, and the maid out for a holiday, and the drawing-room curtains taken down to be washed, and no fresh butter for tea, and Baby's last clean pinafore stained with blackberry jam, and my best gown at the dressmaker's, and Benjamine's hair in paper for to-morrow's Sunday-school treat, and Walter playing at leap-frog in the streets with the baker's boy! Oh dear! Arthura, you must battle with it. I am ready to sink into the earth."

"Dear little mamma," said Arthura, proudly collected in spite of strange beatings of the heart, "I will let Mr. Hermitage in, and meantime you tidy the children, and bring them down-stairs as soon as you can."

"But for you to answer the door! Let me do it," said Steppie, beseechingly.

"Mr. Hermitage will not expect to see a powdered footman," Arthura made sarcastic reply.

Then came Valerian's knock, and the next moment he stood on the threshold, catching sight of Steppie dragging a child by each hand on the staircase.

The lovers had not met since the painful interview of a few days before, the very thought of which stung Arthura to the quick now. Valerian had wounded her past forgetfulness, if not past forgiveness, she said, and the prospect of a talk with him afforded scant pleasure.

"Can I say a word to you?" he said, glancing at the door.

"Certainly," Arthura replied, and she could not resist a smile in the midst of her bitter thoughts. Who should hear anything they might say, indeed? There were audible indications enough of what was going on in the chamber overhead had not Valerian been too self-absorbed to hear them—Baby wailing at having her face washed out of season, Benjamine clamoring for a clean tucker, Walter throwing off his shoes, a general running hither and thither, an unlocking of drawers, and a prevailing hubbub and commotion.

Valerian glanced at Arthura's calm face with no little apprehension. He had come to make excuses for himself and to beg pardon for the unwarrantable behavior of the other day; but seeing Arthura's cold, collected demeanor, he hardly knew how to begin. "I have come to say many things to you," he said, not venturing even to repeat the hand-clasp. "First and foremost, I was to blame in saying what I did. Pray think no more of it. Forgive me."

"Certainly," again Arthura said.

To Valerian's ears the word had an ill-omened sound. Arthura was not wont to be monosyllabic. Her speech most often resembled herself—bright, sparkling, individual. But that frigid affirmation!—that "Certainly!"

"When I explain all to you I am sure you will make some excuse for me," he went on, feeling that he must go on, whether he made matters better for himself or worse. "I have had many things to harass and perplex me. Let me first of all tell you one. I have come to say good-by for a time. I start to-day and at midnight on a journey to America."

Arthura looked inquisitive, but not melted. Surprise, however, did win from her a genuine exclamation. She forgot for the moment everything but the delightfulness of seeing a new world.

"Are you really going to see America?" she said.

"You speak as if you would like to see it too. And indeed that may well be, some day," Valerian went on, relieved at the sudden naturalness of Arthura's voice and manner. "But I must make haste, my darling; I have so much to say, and so little time to say it in, that I am at my wits' end where to begin. Well, I am going to America on an errand for Stephana, and may be absent three or four months, not more. Her grand schemes you shall hear of in my letters. You will see me back early in the summer. I will write to you by every mail."

Arthura listened with no responsive eagerness, yet kindly, he thought. Yes, she loved him still.

"All sorts of things have happened impossible to write about. Did Mr. Constantine tell you? I am Christina's son, born of a secret marriage. My name is a humble one, but, such as it is, honestly mine."

That piece of news suddenly gave Arthura real pleasure. Her cheeks showed gratulatory blushes. Her eyes sparkled.

"I had not heard a word of this. I am glad indeed," she said.

"The revelation has not mended my fortunes as yet." Valerian went on, grimly. "What my mother's intentions are I know not, but at present I am a mere pensioner on her bounty. I must make my own way."

Arthura broke in with flaming cheeks and hot tears.

"You are going to America on Stephana's account. Tell me the truth, Valerian. Are you going to marry her? Mr. Constantine says so."

Valerian looked ruffled and discomposed, but recovering himself in a moment, pleaded his cause with wonderful dexterity.

"Listen to me, my dearest," he said, speaking in a low, confidential voice, and persuading himself that things were with them as in the sweet French days. "Long before I saw you I gave Stephana to understand that if she could ever marry again I should be proud to make her my wife. It was a bold proposition on my part, but she was ever so beautifully kind to me, and so gracious withal, that in any case I felt sure of giving no offense. There was no question of love, only cousinly affection, and (at least on one side) an esteem almost reaching to veneration. You know Stephana, who can resist her?"

"Who, indeed?" Arthura exclaimed, still agitated. "If Stephana now wishes it, you will marry her."

Valerian laughed scornfully, at the same time not loath to let his supposititious infidelity take the shape of fatalism.

"No," he said, speaking slowly, as if anxious for each word to dwell in her memory like a promise. "I shall marry you, or no woman. But for a time I am in a charmed circle. I do Stephana's bidding whether I will or no. You can not suppose that I wished to undertake this journey to America, and thus absent myself from you and keep my future plans in abeyance for three months. But I can not refuse Stephana, firstly because she casts a sort of glamour over me, and secondly because she is my good genius, the best friend (I am here speaking from a worldly point of view) I possess. If ever justice is rendered me by my mother it will be Stephana's work."

Arthura was silent. Valerian could not tell whether or no he had convinced her. She did not indeed know herself. But he certainly had made some kind of explanation.

"You see, my own love," he went on, "I am driven against my inclinations to accept Stephana's behests. What have we two but Love and Hope, and who can live upon these alone? Do not be cast down. I am sure that all will come right in time. Only you must think kindly of me and believe in me. Promise that."

He drew her toward him and kissed her on the eyes, a true-lover's kiss, but it hardly cheered Arthura. She sat still, looking on the ground.

"It makes you happy to be with Mr. Constantine?" he said, after a time. "You will write to me cheerfully. And who knows how soon Fortune may smile on us after my return, how speedily we may be able to realize our wishes! You do love me, you do forgive me, do you not? I hardly knew what I was saying when I spoke so roughly to you, your coming was such a surprise and such a vexation, seeing how ready the world is to rail at those who disregard it. But all is with us as before, now is it not?"

He looked into her eyes with a lover's admiration, certainly without a lover's confidence. How superb in her girlish bloom and strength was this once sparkling, audacious Arthura! All the strength was still there, the self-reliance, the courage, the will, but something was wanting he fain would see.

"Say that it is so, or that it shall be so," he said, desperately. He had never been more in love with her in his life. "I need not say it to you, who love her, Stephana's designs, spells, if you will, are all beneficent. But were it otherwise, were the toils spread about me wizardry indeed, I would break them for your sake. Over my love for you she has no power."

Just then there was a clamor of children's voices at the door. Their interview was at an end.

[to be continued.]

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

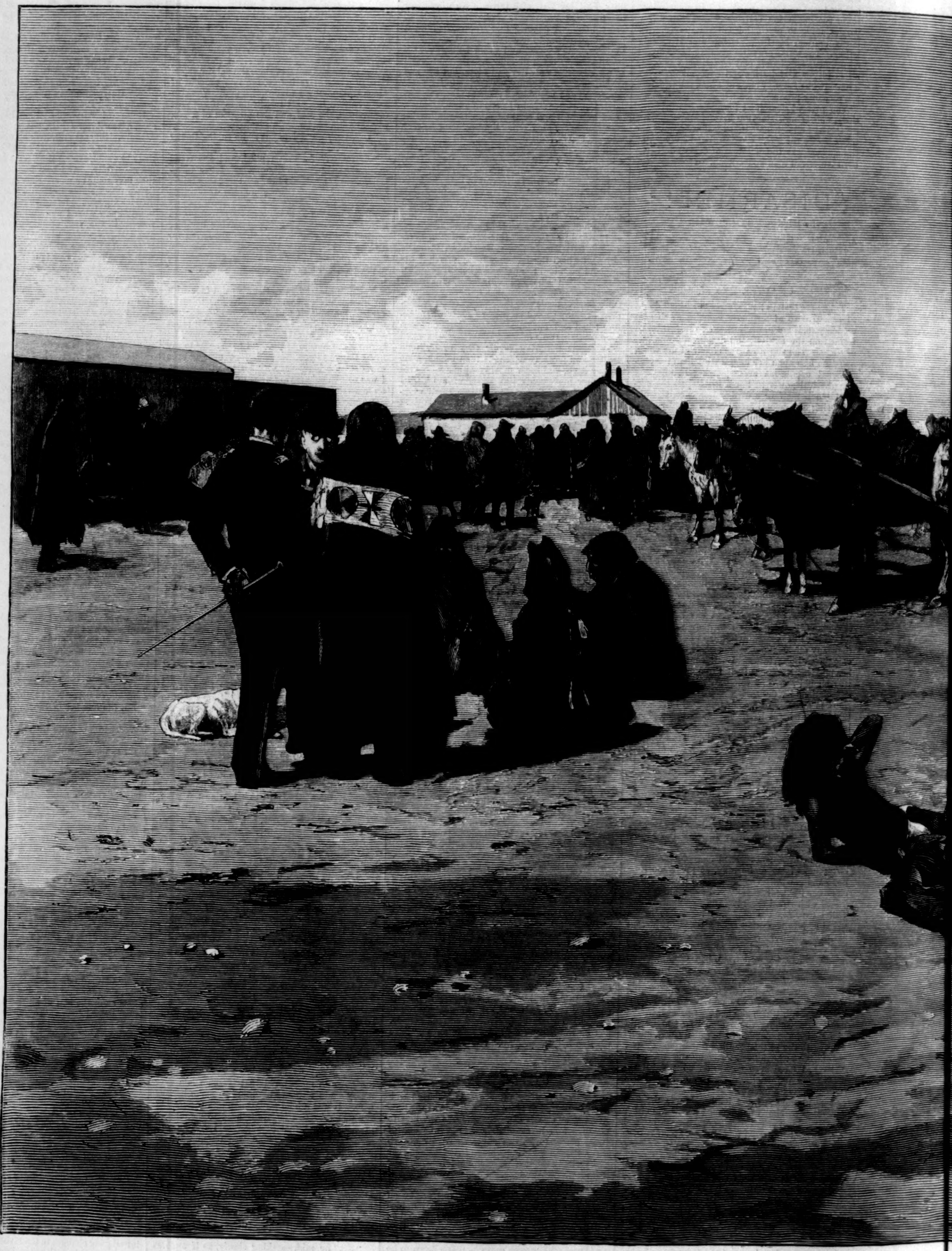
THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA.

II

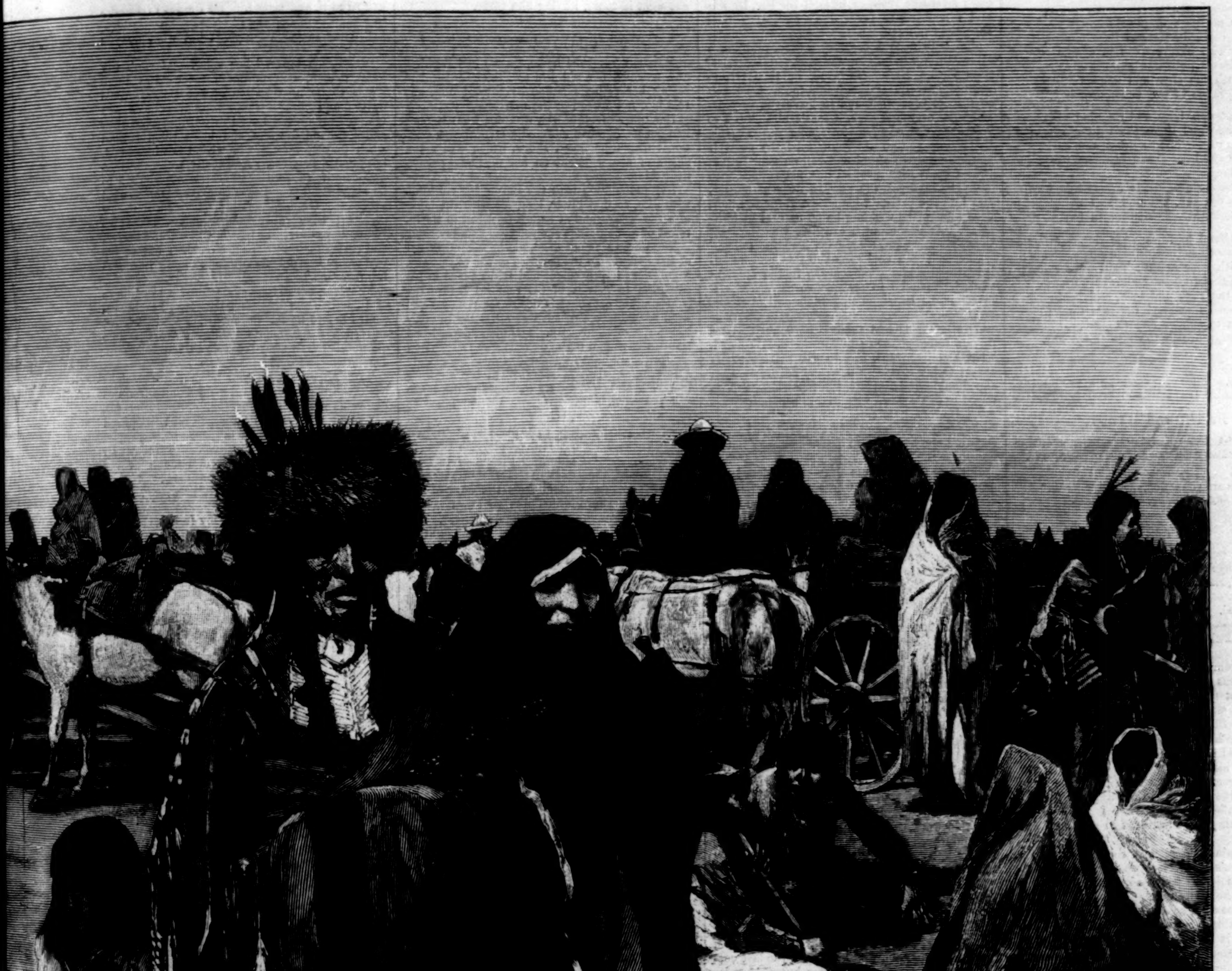
It is not so very long ago that the sugars used in the United States were subjected to a very inferior process of treatment, being simply clarified with lime, and passed through a clumsy system of skimming and evaporation in a range of boilers placed in line, and alternately ladled so as to make one furnace do the work for the half-dozen boilers, which, together with a mill, constituted the whole mechanical apparatus of the sugar planter of a generation ago. Even to this day many of the older planters adhere to the ancient system. The sugars thereby obtained are the same which created so much discussion during the tariff debates of the last Congress, and which are classed, according to the recently established schedule, as below No. 13, Dutch standard.

But the number of these conservatives of the old-fashioned sugar industry is steadily diminishing. There are many intelligent planters in Louisiana, and annually great improvements are being made in the agricultural as well as the manufacturing departments of the sugar industry. The old-fashioned apparatus is being abandoned; the "open kettle" is giving way to the "double effect" and the "vacuum pan." If the war had not checked the progress of the sugar industry in Louisiana, it would have reached a condition of advancement equal to any sugar industry in the world. It was in Louisiana that Rillieux invented that wonderful apparatus for evaporation which made his name famous, and which, in more or less modified shapes, has been adopted in all parts of the world where sugar is made. Doubtless at a future period, not by any means remote, other inventions will be produced, with the effect of greatly modifying the present sugar industry, which needs only capital to enable it to take a position in the very front rank of United States manufactures.

It is not perhaps generally known that before the war Louisiana produced half of the sugar consumed in the entire country. It is also generally unknown that that State could in a very short time produce from 400,000 to 500,000 tons of sugar, or the half of all that is now consumed in the United States. There is an erroneous idea that the lands adapted to the cultivation of sugar-cane are wholly confined to a narrow strip of country bordering the Mexican Gulf. Now the fact is that the land actually planted with cane in Louisiana, and which last year produced nearly 150,000 tons of sugar, constitutes at most no more than a fifth part of the soil suited to this industry. Unfortunately these lands are in great part subject to overflow during the inundations of the Mississippi; and few persons at present care to run the risks of cultivating them, so long as the State *can not*, and the general government *will not*, take measures to confine the waters of the great river to their natural channel. All other great industrial countries—Germany, Austria, France—make great sacrifices in order to develop or preserve their national sugar industries. The United States, on the other hand, not only underrate our sugar production, but even discourage the industry by perpetual threats of introducing changes in the tariff—a course which would probably dishearten any but Americans, and almost suffices to deter them from attempting to continue an industry nevertheless indispensable to national prosperity.



RATION DAY AT STANDING ROCK AGEN



AGENCY.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 470.]

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

The sun has touched his northern bound,
And southward turns his course to-day;
The soft sweet air new charm has found
In fragrance of the new-mown hay;
The stalwart farmer deftly swings
His glittering blade the earth anear,
And into swaths and windrows flings
The earliest harvest of the year.

God made the country, saith the sage,
And man has made the noisy town;
Then be my path of pilgrimage
'Mong clover-heads and thistle-down,
To walk with nature hand in hand,
In nature's pure and simple way,
And 'neath the elms and maples stand
In fragrance of the new-mown hay.

Now boisterous boys and romping girls
Toss here and there the wilting grass;
The wanton winds toss grass and curls,
And hours in toil and pleasure pass;
There's laughter ringing in the air—
But see, a shower! It comes this way.
It clouds the sky, but now so fair,
And perils all the new-mown hay.

Quick! Bend to work your sinews strong,
The growth of healthful country homes;
Work with your might: 'twill not be long
Before the drenching shower comes;
Ply fast the rake and fork, and heap
The cocks that shed the rain away;
And then to supper and to sleep,
'Mid fragrance of the new-mown hay.

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "The Return of the Native," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER XIII.

On going out into the garden next morning, with a strange sense of being another person than herself, she beheld Jim leaning mutely over the gate.

He nodded. "Good-morning, Margery," he said, civilly.

"Good-morning," said Margery, in the same tone.

"I beg your pardon," he continued. "But which way was you going this morning?"

"I am not going anywhere just now, thank you. But I shall go to my father's by-and-by with Edy." She went on with a sigh, "I have done what he has all along wished—that is, married you; and there's no longer reason for enmity atween him and me."

"True—true. Well, as I am going the same way, I can give you a lift in the trap, for the distance is long."

"No, thank you; I am used to walking," she said.

They remained in silence, the gate between them, till Jim's convictions would apparently allow him to hold his peace no longer. "This is a bad job!" he murmured.

"It is," she said, as one whose thoughts have only too readily been identified. "How I came to agree to it is more than I can tell." And tears began rolling down her cheeks.

"The blame is more mine than yours, I suppose," he returned. "I ought to have said No, and not backed up the gentleman in carrying out this scheme. 'Twas his own notion entirely, as perhaps you know. I should never have thought of such a plan; but he said you'd be willing, and that it would be all right; and I was too ready to believe him."

"The thing is, how to remedy it," said she, bitterly. "I believe, of course, in your promise to keep this private, and not to trouble me by calling."

"Certainly," said Jim. "I don't want to trouble you. As for that, why, my dear Mrs. Hayward—"

"Don't Mrs. Hayward me!" said Margery, sharply. "I won't be Mrs. Hayward."

Jim paused. "Well, you be she by law, and that was all I meant," he said, mildly.

"I said I would acknowledge no such thing, and I won't. A thing can't be legal when it's against the wishes of the persons the laws are made to protect. So I beg you not to call me that any more."

"Very well, Miss Tucker," said Jim, deferentially. "We can live on exactly as before. We can't marry anybody else, that's true; but beyond that there's no difference, and no harm done. Your father ought to be told, I suppose, even if nobody else is. It will partly reconcile him to you, and make your life smoother."

Instead of directly replying, Margery exclaimed, in a low voice:

"Oh, it is a mistake; I didn't see it all, owing to not having time to reflect! I agreed, thinking that at least I should get reconciled to father by the step. But perhaps he would as soon have me not married at all as married and parted. I must ha' been enchanted—bewitched—when I gave my consent to this! I only did it to please that dear good dying nobleman—though why he should have wished it so much I can't tell!"

"Nor I neither," said Jim. "Yes, we've been fooled into it, Margery," he said, with extraordinary gravity. "He's had his way wi' us, and now we've got to suffer for it. Being a gentleman of patronage, and having bought several loads of lime o' me, and having given me all that splendid furniture, I could hardly refuse."

"What, did he give you that?"

"Ay, sure—to help me win ye."

Margery covered her face with her hands; whereupon Jim stood up from the gate and looked critically at her. "'Tis a cruel conspiracy between you two men to—ensnare me!" she exclaimed. "Why should you have done it—why should he have done it—when I've not deserved to be treated so! He bought the furniture, did he! Oh, I've been taken in—I've been wronged!" The grief and vexation of finding that long ago, when fondly believing the Baron to have lover-like feelings himself for her, he was still conspiring to favor Jim's suit, were more than she could endure.

Jim with distant courtesy waited, nibbling a straw, till her paroxysm was over. "One word, Miss Tuck—Mrs.—Margery," he then recommenced, gravely. "You'll find me man enough to respect your wish, and to leave you to yourself—for ever and ever, if that's all. But I've just one word of advice to render ye. That is, that before you go to Stickleford Dairy yourself you let me drive ahead and call on your father. He's friends with me, and he's not friends with you. I can break the news, a little at a time, and I think I can gain his good-will for you now, even though the wedding be no natural wedding at all. At any count, I can hear what he's got to say about ye, and come back here and tell ye."

She nodded a cool assent to this, and he left her strolling about the garden in the sunlight while he went on to reconnoitre as agreed. It must not be supposed that Jim's dutiful echoes of Margery's regret at her precipitate marriage were all gospel; and there is no doubt that his private intention, after telling the old dairyman what had happened, was to ask his temporary assent to her caprice, till, in the course of time, she should be reasoned out of her whims and induced to settle down with Jim in a natural manner. He had, it is true, been somewhat nettled by her firm objection to him, and her keen sorrow for what she had done to please another; but he hoped for the best.

But, alas for the astute Jim's calculations! He drove on to the dairy, whose white walls now gleamed in the morning sun, made fast the horse to a ring in the wall, and entered the barton. Before knocking he perceived the dairyman walking across from a gate in the other direction, as if he had just come in. Jim went over to him. Since the unfortunate incident on the morning of the intended wedding they had merely been on nodding terms, from a sense of awkwardness in their relations.

"What, is that thee?" said Dairyman Tucker, in a voice which unmistakably startled Jim by its abrupt fierceness. "A pretty fellow thou be'st!"

It was a bad beginning for the young man's life as a son-in-law, and augured ill for the delicate consultation he desired.

"What's the matter?" said Jim.

"Matter! I wish some folks would burn their lime without burning other folks' property along wi' it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You call yourself a man, Jim Hayward, and a honest lime-burner, and a respectable, market-keeping Christen, and yet at six o'clock this morning, instead o' being where you ought to ha' been—at your work, there was neither vell or mark o' thee to be seed!"

"Faith, I don't know what you be raving at," said Jim.

"Why, the vlankers from thy couch heap blowed over upon my hay-rick, and the rick's burnt to ashes; and all to come out o' my well-squeezed pocket. I'll tell thee what it is, young man. There's no business in ye. I've known Stickleford folk, quick and dead, for the last couple o' score year, and I've never knowed one so three-cunning for harm as thee, my gentleman lime-burner; and I reckon it one o' the luckiest days o' my life when I 'scaped having thee in my family. That maid of mine was right; I was wrong. She seed thee to be a drawlacheting rogue, and 'twas her wisdom to go off that morning and get rid o' thee. I commend her for't, and I'm going to fetch her home to-morrow."

"You needn't take the trouble. She's coming home along to-night of her own accord. I have seen her this morning, and she told me so."

"So much the better. I'll welcome her warm. Nation! I'd sooner see her married to the parish fool than thee. Not you; you didn't care for my hay. Tarrying about where you shouldn't be, in bed, no doubt; that's what you was a doing. Now don't you darken my doors again, and the sooner you be off my bit o' ground the better I shall be pleased."

Jim looked, as he felt, stultified. If the rick had been really destroyed a little blame certainly attached to him, but he could not understand how it had happened. However, blame or none, it was clear he could not, with any self-respect, declare himself to be this peppery old gaffer's son-in-law in the face of such an attack as this.

For months—almost years—the one transaction that had seemed necessary to compose these two families satisfactorily was Jim's union with Margery. No sooner had it been completed than it appeared on all sides as the gravest mishap for both. Stating coldly that he would discover how much of the accident was to be attributed to his negligence, and pay the damage, he went out of the barton and returned the way he had come.

Margery had been keeping a lookout for him, particularly wishing him not to enter the house, lest others should see the seriousness of their interview; and as soon as she heard wheels she went to the gate, which was out of view.

"Surely father has been speaking roughly to you!" she said, on seeing his face.

"Not the least doubt that he hev," said Jim.

"But is he still angry with me?"

"Not in the least. He's waiting to welcome ye."

"Ah! because I've married you."

"Because he thinks you have *not* married me! He's jawed me up hill and down. He hates me; and for your sake I have not explained a word."

Margery looked toward home with a sad, severe gaze. "Mr. Hayward," she said, "we have made a great mistake, and we are in a strange position."

"True; but I'll tell ye what, mistress, I won't stand—" He stopped suddenly. "Well, well; I've promised," he quietly added.

"We must suffer for our mistake," she went on. "The way to suffer least is to keep our own counsel on what happened last evening, and not to meet. I must now return to my father."

He inclined his head in indifferent assent, and she went in-doors, leaving him there.

CHAPTER XIV.

Margery returned home, as she had decided, and resumed her old life at Stickleford. And seeing her father's animosity toward Jim, she told him not a word of the marriage.

Her inner life, however, was not what it once had been. She had suffered a mental and emotional displacement—a shock, which had set a shade of astonishment on her face as a permanent thing.

Her indignation with the Baron for collusion with Jim, at first bitter, lessened with the lapse of a few weeks, and at length vanished in the interest of some tidings she received one day.

The Baron was not dead, but he was no longer at the Lodge. To the surprise of the physicians, a sufficient improvement had taken place in his condition to permit of his removal before the cold weather came. His desire for removal had been such, indeed, that it was advisable to carry it out at almost any risk. The plan adopted had been to have him borne on men's shoulders in a sort of palanquin to the shore, a distance of only a few miles, where a steam-yacht lay awaiting him in a little cove. By this means the noise and jolting of a carriage, and several miles of turnpike-road, were avoided. The singular procession over the fields took place at night, and was witnessed by but few people, one being a laboring-man, who described the scene to Margery. When the sea-side was reached a long narrow gangway was laid from the deck of the yacht to the shore, which was so steep in the cove as to allow the yacht to lie quite near. The men, with their burden, ascended by the light of lanterns, the sick man was laid in the cabin, and as soon as his bearers had returned to the shore the gangway was removed, a rope was heard skirring over wood in the darkness, the yacht quivered, started her wheels, spread her woven wings to the air, and moved away through the miniature pillars of Hercules which formed the mouth of the cove. Soon she was but a small shapeless phantom upon the wide breast of the sea.

It was said that the yacht was bound for Algiers.

When the inimical autumn and winter weather came on, Margery wondered if he were still alive. The house being shut up, and the servants gone, she had no means of knowing, till, on a particular Saturday, her father drove her to market. Here, in attending to his business, he left her to herself for a while. Walking in a quiet street in the professional quarter of the town, she saw coming toward her the solicitor who had been present at the wedding, and who had acted for the Baron in various small local matters during his brief residence at the Lodge.

She reddened to peony hues, averted her eyes, and would have passed him. But he crossed over and barred the pavement, and when she met his glance he was looking with friendly severity at her. The street was quiet, and he said in a low voice, "How's the husband?"

"I don't know, sir," said she.

"What! and are your stipulations about secrecy and separate living still in force?"

"They will always be," she replied, decisively. "Mr. Hayward and I agreed on the point, and we have not the slightest wish to change the arrangement."

"H'm. Then 'tis Miss Tucker to the world, Mrs. Hayward to me and one or two others only."

Margery nodded. Then she nerved herself by an effort, and though blushing painfully asked, "May I put one question, sir. Is the Baron dead?"

"He is dead to you and to all of us. Why should you ask?"

"Because if he's alive, I am sorry I married James Hayward. If he is dead, I do not much mind my marriage."

"I repeat, he is dead to you," said the lawyer, emphatically. "I'll tell you all I know. My professional services for him ended with his departure from this place; but I think I should have heard from him if he had been alive still. I have heard not at all; and this, taken in connection with the nature of his illness, leaves no doubt in my mind that he is dead."

Margery sighed, and thanking the lawyer she left him with a tear for the Baron in her eye. After this incident she became more restful; and the time drew on for her periodical visit to her grandmother.

A few days subsequent to her arrival her aged relative asked her to go with a message to the gardener at Mount Lodge (who still lived on there, keeping the grounds in order for the landlord). Margery hated that direction now, but she went. The lodge, which she saw over the trees, was to her like a skull from which the warm and living flesh had vanished. It was twilight by the time she reached the cottage at the bottom of the Lodge garden, and the room being illuminated within, she saw through the window a woman she had never seen before. She was dark, and rather handsome, and when Margery knocked she opened the door. It was the gardener's widowed daughter, who had been advised to make friends with Margery.

She now found her opportunity. Margery's errand was soon completed, the young widow, to her surprise, treating her with preternatural respect, and afterward offering to accompany her home. Margery was not sorry to have a companion in the gloom, and they walked on together. The widow, Mrs. Peach, was demonstrative and confidential, and told Margery all about herself. She had come quite recently to live with her father—during the Baron's illness, in fact—and her husband had been captain of a ketch.

"I saw you one morning, ma'am," she said. "But you didn't see me. It was when you were crossing the hill in sight of the Lodge. You looked at it, and sighed. 'Tis the lot of widows to sigh, ma'am, is it not?"

"Widows—yes, I suppose; but what do you mean?"

Mrs. Peach lowered her voice. "I can't say more, ma'am, with proper respect. But there seems to be no question of the poor Baron's death; and though these foreign princes can take (as my husband used to tell me) what they call left-handed wives, and leave them behind when they go abroad, widowhood is widowhood, left-handed or right. And really, to be the left-handed wife of a foreign baron is nobler than to be married all round to a common man. You'll excuse my freedom, ma'am; but being a widow myself, I have pitied you from my heart; so young as you are, and having to keep it a secret, and (excusing me) having no money out of his vast riches because 'tis swallowed up by Baroness Number One."

Now Margery did not understand a word more of this than the bare fact that Mrs. Peach suspected her to be the Baron's unendowed widow, and such was the milkmaid's nature that she did not distinctly deny the widow's impeachment. The latter continued:

"But ah, ma'am, all your troubles are straight backward in your memory, while I have troubles before as well as grief behind."

"What may they be, Mrs. Peach?" inquired Margery, with a slight air of the Baroness.

The other dropped her voice to revelation tones: "I have been forgetful enough of my first man to lose my heart to a second!"

"You shouldn't do that—it is wrong. You should control your feelings."

"But how am I to control my feelings?"

"By going to your dead husband's grave, and things of that sort."

"Do you go to your dead husband's grave?"

"How can I go to Algiers?"

"Ah, too true! Well, I've tried everything to cure myself—read the words against it, and all sorts. But avast, my shipmate!—as my poor man used to say—there, 'tis just the same. In short, I've made up my mind to encourage the new one. 'Tis flattering that I, a new-comer, should have been found out by a young man so soon."

"Who is he?" said Margery, listlessly.

"A master lime-burner."

"A master lime-burner?"

"That's his profession. He's a partner-in-co., doing very well indeed."

"But what's his name?"

"I don't like to tell you his name, for, though 'tis night, that covers all shamefacedness, my face is as hot as a 'Talian iron, I declare! Do you just feel it."

Margery put her hand on Mrs. Peach's face, and, sure enough, hot it was. "Does he come courting?" she asked, quickly.

"Well, only in the way of business. He never comes unless lime is wanted in the neighborhood. He's in the Yeomanry, too, and will look very fine when he comes out in his regimentals for drill in May."

"Oh, in the Yeomanry," she said, with a slight relief. "Then it can't— Is he a young man?"

"Yes, junior partner-in-co."

The description had an odd resemblance to Jim, of whom Margery had not heard a word for months. He had promised silence and absence, and had fulfilled his promise literally, with a gratuitous addition that was rather amazing, if, indeed, it were Jim whom the widow loved. One point in the description puzzled Margery: Jim was not in the Yeomanry, unless, by a surprising development of enterprise, he had entered it recently.

At parting, Margery said, with an interest quite tender: "I should like to see you again, Mrs. Peach, and hear of your attachment. When can you call?"

"Oh, any time, ma'am, I'm sure, if you think I am good enough."

"Indeed I do, Mrs. Peach. Come as soon as you've seen the lime-burner again."

CHAPTER XV.

Seeing that Jim lived five miles from the widow, Margery was rather surprised, and even felt a slight sinking of the heart, when her new acquaintance appeared at her door so soon as the evening of the following Monday. She asked Margery to walk out with her, which the young woman readily did.

"I am come at once," said the widow, breathlessly, as soon as they were in the lane, "for it is so exciting that I can't keep it. I must tell it to somebody, if only a bird, or a cat, or a garden snail."

"What is it?" asked her companion, eagerly.

"I've pulled grass from my husband's grave to cure it, wove the blades into true-lover's-knots, took off my shoes upon the sod; but avast! my shipmate."

"Upon the sod—why?"

"To feel the damp earth he's in, and make the sense of it enter my soul. But, no. It has swelled to a head: he is going to meet me at the Yeomanry review."

"The master lime-burner?"

The widow nodded.

"When is it to be?"

"To-morrow. He looks so lovely in his accoutrements! He's such a splendid soldier! That was the last straw that kindled my soul to say yes. He's home from Casterbridge for a night between the drills," continued Mrs. Peach. "He goes back to-morrow morning for the review, and when it's over he's going to meet me. . . . But, guide my heart, there he is!"

Her exclamation had rise in the sudden appearance of a brilliant red uniform through the trees, and the tramp of a horse carrying the wearer thereof. In another half-minute the military gentleman, whoever he might be, would have turned the corner and faced them.

"He'd better not see me; he'll think I know too much," said Margery, precipitately. "I'll go up here."

The widow, whose thoughts had evidently been of the same cast, seemed much relieved to see Margery disappear in the plantation, in the midst of a spring chorus of birds. Once among the trees, Margery turned her head, and before she could see the rider's person she recognized the horse as Tony, the lightest of three that Jim and his partner owned, for the purpose of carting out lime to their customers.

Jim, then, had joined the Yeomanry since his estrangement from Margery. A man who had worn the Queen's uniform for seven days only could not be expected to look as if it were a part of his person, in the manner of long-trained soldiers; but he was a well-formed young fellow, and of an age when few positions come amiss to one who has the capacity to adapt himself to circumstances.

Meeting the blushing Mrs. Peach (whom Margery in her mind sternly denied the right to blush at all), Jim alighted and moved on with her, probably at Mrs. Peach's own suggestion; so that what they said, how long they remained together, and how they parted, Margery knew not. She might have known some of these things by waiting; but the presence of Jim had bred in her heart a sudden disgust for the widow, and a general sense of discomfiture. She went away in an opposite direction, turning her head and saying to the unconscious Jim, "There's a fine rod in pickle for you, my gentleman, if you carry out that pretty scheme!"

Jim's military *coup* had decidedly astonished her. What he might do next she could not conjecture. The idea of his doing anything sufficiently brilliant to arrest her attention would have seemed ludicrous, had not Jim, by entering the Yeomanry, revealed a capacity for dazzling exploits which made it unsafe to predicate any limitation to his powers.

Margery was now absolutely excited. The sly daring of the wretched Jim in bursting into scarlet amazed her as much as his doubtful acquaintanceship with the demonstrative Mrs. Peach. To go to that review, to watch the pair, to eclipse Mrs. Peach in brilliancy, to meet and pass them in withering contempt—if she only could do it! But, alas! she was a forsaken woman. "If the Baron were alive, or in England," she said to herself (for sometimes she thought he might possibly be alive), "and he were to take me to this review, wouldn't I show that forward Mrs. Peach what a lady is like, and keep among the select company, and not mix with the common people at all!"

It might at first sight be thought that the best course for Margery at this juncture would have been to go to Jim, and nip the intrigue in the bud without further scruple. But her own declaration in after-days was that whoever could say that was far from realizing her situation. It was hard to break such ice as divided their two lives now, and to attempt it at that moment was a too humiliating proclamation of defeat. The only plan she could think of—perhaps not a wise one in the circumstances—was to go to the review herself, and be the gayest there.

A method of doing this with some propriety soon occurred to her. She dared not ask her father, who scorned to waste time in sight-seeing, and whose animosity toward Jim knew no abatement; but she might call on her old acquaintance Mr. Vine, Jim's partner, who would probably be going with the rest of the holiday folk, and ask if she might accompany him in his spring trap. She had no sooner perceived the feasibility of this than she decided to call upon the old man early the next morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TENEMENT-HOUSES IN SUMMER.

THE "poor Jew" quarter of New York has been for many years on the East side of the town above and not far from Grand Street, and it has been a veritable Ghetto. Since the persecutions in Russia have brought so many Polish and Russian Jews to our shores this quarter has scarcely been extended; it has merely been more and more densely packed. Landlords are averse to devoting any new buildings to the accommodation of this particular class of tenantry. It is difficult to get tenants of any other class or nationality to inhabit the same buildings which they occupy or which they have occupied. They are not very "good tenants" even from the tenement-house owner's point of view. They pay more for their wretched quarters in proportion to the investment than tenants of a higher class pay for better quarters; but that is an incident of tenement-house property in all districts. It may be said, in fact, that the lower we go in the social scale, the greater the profit the consumer has to pay. People who buy coal by the ton have very little notion of the enormously enhanced price which people have to pay who buy it by the bucket. The same thing is true of provisions, and the same thing is eminently true of rent. In addition to the exaction made of these poor Jews because they are poor, there is an additional exaction made because they are Jews. This means that the supply of dwellings for them is unusually restricted in comparison with the demand, and that the landlord has to put on—or does put on—an increased rent because this occupancy disqualifies his property from any other occupancy. The consequence is that tenants are more closely packed in this Jewish quarter than anywhere else. The people are very miserly as well as very poor, and they sublet and take "boarders" in quarters not spacious enough to give room for their own families. One would as soon think of opening a dog-kennel for a boarding-house as some of the "apartments" which are actually turned to that use. Some of the boarding-houses, which are also the workshops alike of the families and the boarders, are cellars, lighted only by the openings in the end on the street. In winter, when the keen air makes its way into these places in spite of all that their inmates can do, and when they really find comfort in the constant proximity which makes their animal heat available to each other as a substitute for fuel, the condition is horrible enough. But in summer what is to be thought of it, especially when we add to what has already been said that their tenements are wretchedly ill-contrived as regards light and air, even if they were not occupied by a fourth part of the number which now crowd them; that they have no notion of the sanitary uses of air, or of water, or of soap; and that their standard of personal decency in other ways is as modest as their standard of personal cleanliness?

The one redeeming point, if that is not too strong a term, about these wretched people is their industry and their miserliness. They seem to be satisfied with their surroundings, but they are certainly not satisfied with their condition, and are struggling mightily by working early and late, and saving out of the small pay they receive from the serving in various industries at which they keep themselves busy, to escape from it. When they succeed in accumulating capital enough they set up shops of their own in some other quarter of the city, or outside of the city. But their discontent is evidently not with the filthy surroundings of their life, since they might improve these at a very little trouble and no expense, but only with its precariousness. What they seek is not greater comfort, but greater security. And they carry with them wherever they go the degrading habits they have formed, and their acquiesence in these habits. If you do not mind living in a sty, you are a pig.

These poor Jews constitute, perhaps, the most degraded class of the tenement-house population of New York, and their wretched condition appeals forcibly not only to the eye and other senses, but to the mind as well. But they are only removed in degree, and not very far even in degree, from much larger classes of the population which crowds the east side and the extreme west side also of the city. Business men whose daily walks and rides take them only between down-town and Brooklyn, or the central part of the upper city, know only a small part of New York. The old saying that half the world knows not how the other half lives is much less than the truth concerning New York. The educated and well-to-do know nothing about the lives of three-quarters, or a still greater proportion, of their fellow-citizens. The Second Avenue elevated road gives its passengers a glimpse of the fringe of the tenement-house population, but it is only of the fringe. Let whoever wishes to know more about it explore this Jewish quarter for himself, or walk from STEWART's store eastward through Tenth Street to the East River, or perambulate the region about Canal Street and the North River. If he be a person of public spirit or of sensibility he will conclude that something ought to be done about it.

It is obviously true that the public ought not to permit places unfit for human habitation to be built and offered for rent. And the great majority of the tenement-houses in New York are unfit for human habitation, as being places in which it is impossible to preserve physical or moral health. The detestable rookeries like the one exhibited in our illustration are not separated by a great gulf from the next most detestable, nor these from the next, and so on. The conditions merge into each other by imperceptible gradations. It can be said with confidence that not one tenement-house in a hundred is fit to live in. The lower we go in the social scale the more insensible people are to the requirements of health and decency, and the less capable of enforcing even what they may regard as essential to these. And it is in tenement-houses, it should never be forgotten, that the numerical majority of the inhabitants and the voters of New York live.

In apartment-houses of the better class it is recognized as absolutely essential that there should be no living-rooms which do not open directly upon the outer air. This is a fundamental sanitary requirement, and as such ought to be enforced in dwellings of all classes, the more rigidly, indeed, in dwellings in which the space is necessarily contracted and crowded by reason of the poverty of the tenants. And how many tenement-houses are there in New York in which this condition is fulfilled? One per cent. would be a very extravagant estimate. In truth, such tenement-houses as are fit to live in have been built, like the block on First Avenue at Seventy-second Street, and like the houses now building, or lately completed, on the property of Trinity Church, on the west side, by owners who had something else in view besides the extraction of the utmost cent of income from the investment.

Nevertheless, these public-spirited and excellent enterprises have vindicated themselves financially as well as in other respects. It is demonstrated that it will pay to build tenement-houses that are fit to live in, and therefore it will be no hardship to compel all builders of tenement-houses to do what some builders of tenement-houses find profit as well as satisfaction of conscience in doing. Meanwhile the common builder of tenement-houses goes on in the same old rut, sometimes varying his brick box lighted at the ends, and unlighted and unventilated for two-thirds of its depth, by sinking a "shaft" in the centre, which amounts to nothing at all for light, and to very little for air, and which serves as a receptacle for all the rubbish from the rooms which open on it. The builder of tenement-houses is probably no greedier than other men, but he does seem to be considerably stupider. It is not to save himself money that he goes on in his old ways, but to save himself the trouble of thinking, or of employing an intelligent architect to do his thinking for him. There is no reason why he should longer be suffered to save himself this trouble at the cost of the physical and moral welfare of his tenants. He will vehemently oppose any change in the present building law which will compel him to build healthful houses. The more reason is there why an organized effort should be made by those who see what mischief he is doing to compel a change. Under Professor CHANDLER's administration the influence of the Board of Health was steadily exerted not only to enforce the existing law, but to bring about the enactment of a better; and we trust the same thing may be said of the department under his successor. At any rate no New-Yorker can devote himself to a better cause than to the improvement of the New York tenement-house system, which in its present condition is a public nuisance, a public scandal, and a public danger.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT seems that the toy pistol did not enter this year into the celebration of Independence-day with its wonted enthusiasm. The time having arrived for lock-jaw to supervene, comparatively few fatal cases are reported. Maybe the toy pistol will have disappeared, and the tin horn have gone to meet it, by the time the bicentennial comes around.

Watering-place correspondents are writing about the dudes whom they see. One of these writers claims to have seen a dude surprised at the outlandish appearance of another dude. The first-mentioned creature couldn't have been a dude, for dudes are never surprised.

Nearly all the recent noteworthy achievements in photography have been made by amateurs. This is true especially in respect to instantaneous photography, the photographing of celestial bodies, and the use of the camera for obtaining views of inaccessible terrestrial objects. Many valuable photographs of peaks in the Alps which can not be reached have been obtained recently by members of the Alpine clubs, who now carry photographic apparatus as part of their outfit.

In the course of the recent inquiry as to the loss of the United States ship *Ashuelot* in Chinese waters, one of the firemen, who had stood nobly at his post, was asked:

"When and how did you leave the ship?"

"I did not leave her at all," he replied, with indignation; "she left me."

Not many weeks ago surprise was produced throughout the country by favorable reports as to this year's peach crop, which undoubtedly emanated from the peach-growing regions. An explanation was offered in these columns to the effect that cheering reports might have been allowed to go out in order that the bad news of a later day should fall with the more crushing effect. A Wilmington (Delaware) dispatch of July 13 is quoted: "Dispatches to *The Every Evening*, from nearly all parts of the peninsula, report that the peach crop has felt the effect of the June fall of young fruit with more than usual severity." It is added, by way of consolation, that the yield may be from two-thirds to three-quarters of a full crop.

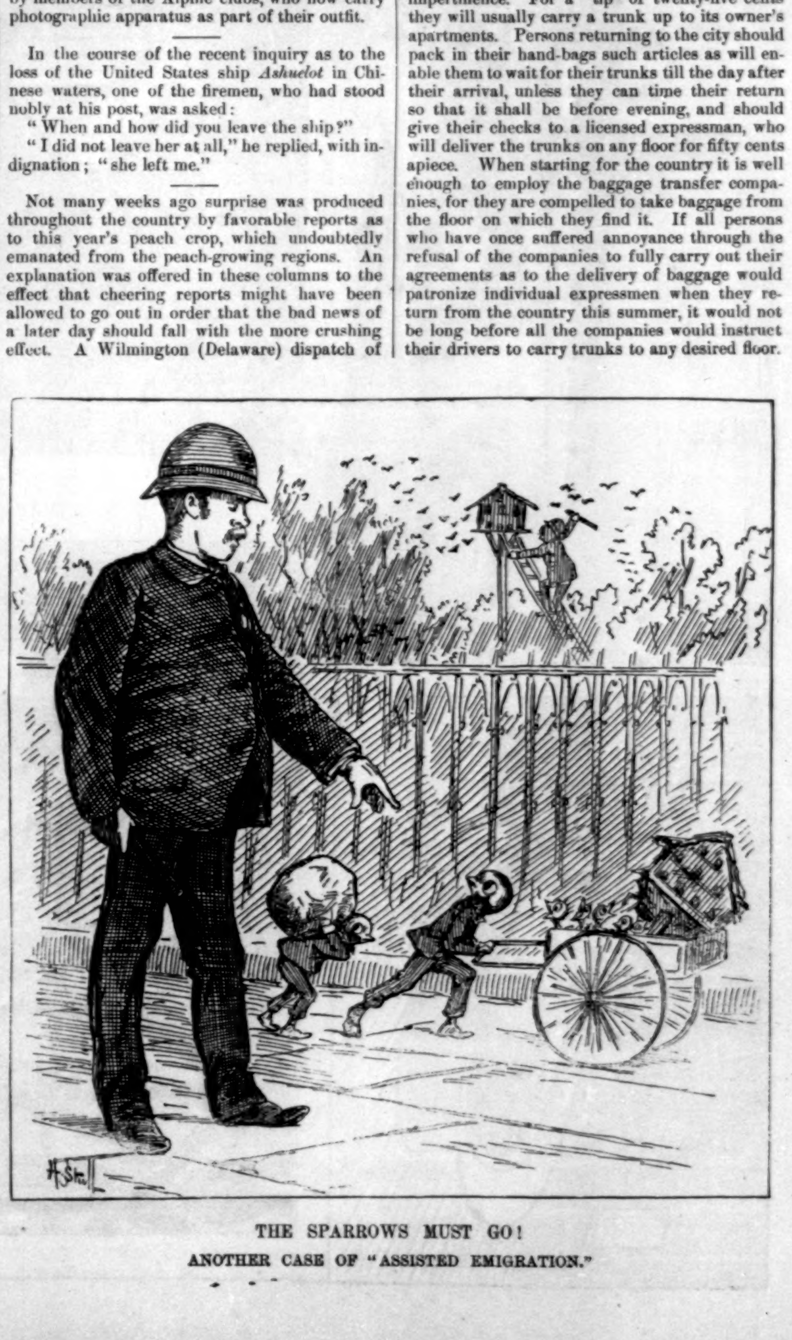
An Ohio man who chased a burglar till the fugitive plunged into a river and was drowned has been indicted for murder in the first degree in not having gone to the drowning man's rescue. The action of the Grand Jury occasions some surprise, inasmuch as the man's course would have been held justifiable if he had shot and killed the criminal before he reached the river.

The Colored Press Convention, which met recently in St. Louis, adopted a resolution urging that "negro" should be written and printed with a capital "N." Unlike the question as to two "g's" this question is one of typography principally.

"Mother, may I go out to swim?" is a fashionable request in Washington this summer, according to a correspondent in that city. The West End beau sends a perfumed note to his lady-love, asking for the pleasure of her company at the natatorium, where semi-weekly soirees are held. The place is brightly lighted by gas jets, and a band is playing. Around the swimming basin are broad balconies, with opera chairs for the "wall-flowers" who do not swim. Beau and belle meet in their bathing suits on the spring-board at the head of the bath, and "away they go with a plunge in concert." The writer says that this form of entertainment is all the rage, and that "nothing else commands the attention of the quality folk who have nothing to do except amuse themselves with some new thing."

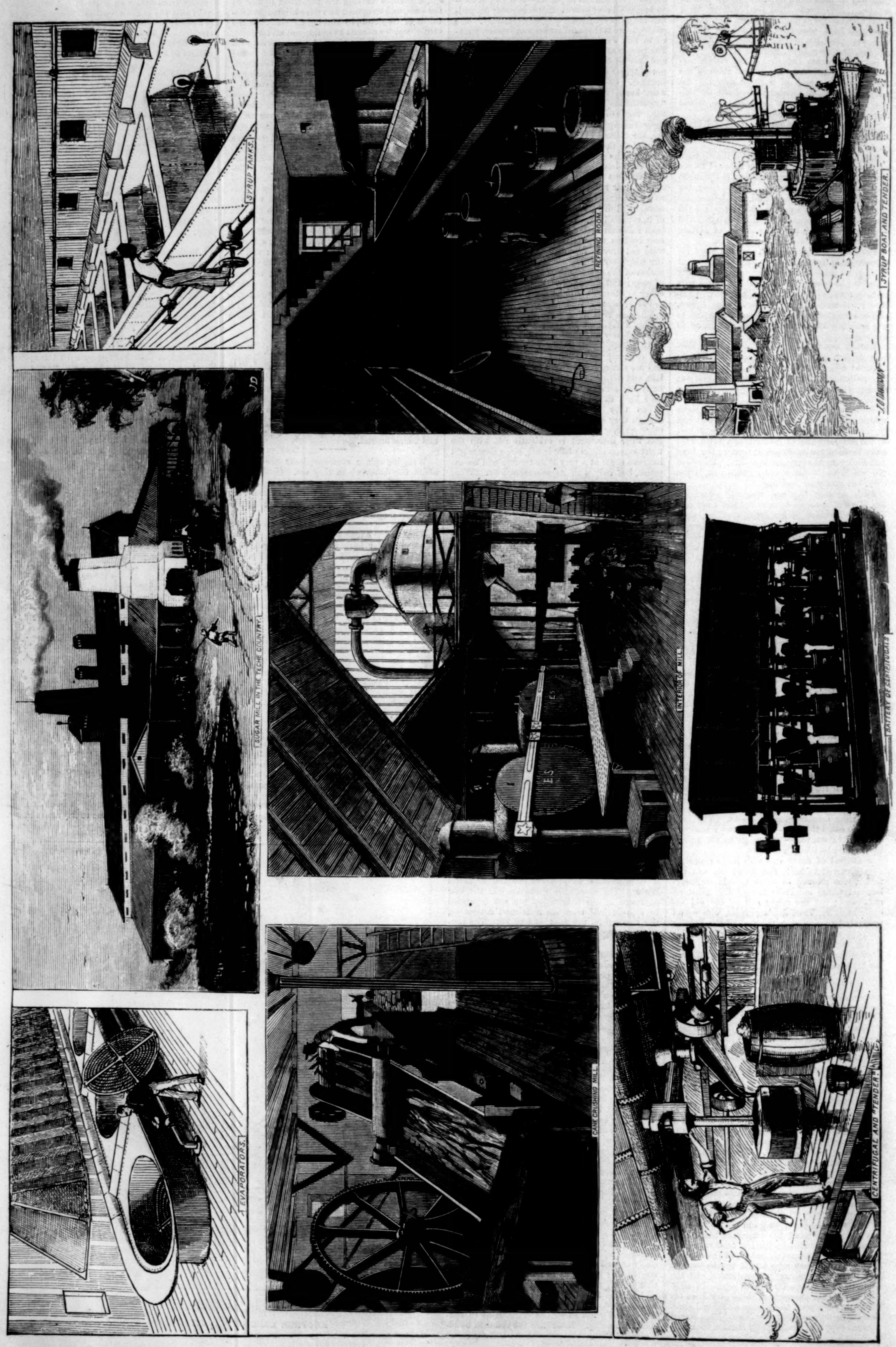
"Six cigars for a quarter can't be beet," says an east-side sign. They can be cabbage, however.

Persons of moderate means who occupy apartments above the first floor will spare themselves considerable annoyance and a little expense if, on returning from their summer vacations, they keep their baggage checks in their pockets instead of delivering them to the brisk young men who go through the trains as they approach the city. The companies which these young men represent agree to deliver trunks for forty cents apiece, but their drivers refuse to carry baggage upstairs. The drivers evidently are so instructed by their superiors, for threats to report their refusal at the office of the company are met with impertinence. For a "tip" of twenty-five cents they will usually carry a trunk up to its owner's apartments. Persons returning to the city should pack in their hand-bags such articles as will enable them to wait for their trunks till the day after their arrival, unless they can time their return so that it shall be before evening, and should give their checks to a licensed expressman, who will deliver the trunks on any floor for fifty cents apiece. When starting for the country it is well enough to employ the baggage transfer companies, for they are compelled to take baggage from the floor on which they find it. If all persons who have once suffered annoyance through the refusal of the companies to fully carry out their agreements as to the delivery of baggage would patronize individual expressmen when they return from the country this summer, it would not be long before all the companies would instruct their drivers to carry trunks to any desired floor.



THE SPARROWS MUST GO!

ANOTHER CASE OF "ASSISTED EMIGRATION."


SYRUP BOAT AND TENDER.
J. O. DAVIDSON
REFINING ROOM.
SYRUP TANKS.
BATTERY OF CENTRIFUGALS.
INTERIOR OF MILL.
SUGAR MILL IN THE TECHE COUNTRY.
J.D.
CENTRIFUGAL AND "TENDER."
CANE CRUSHING MILL.
EVAPORATORS.

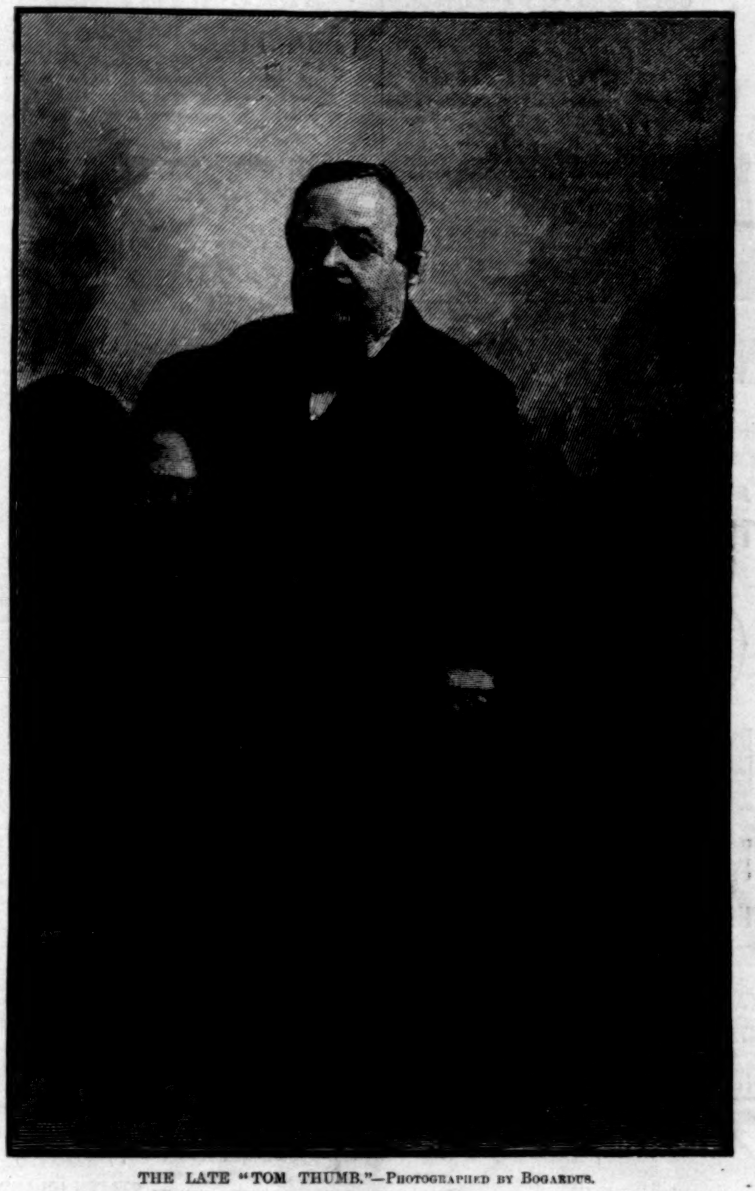
THE SUGAR INDUSTRY OF LOUISIANA, NO. 2.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 471.]

"TOM THUMB."

People well advanced in middle age count among the earliest of their recollections the sight of Tom Thumb, whose real name was **Charles S. Stratton**. What a thrilling sight it was when the two black Shetland ponies—equuncules as he was a homunculus—and attached to a proportionable coachlet, with a small boy on the box and another swinging behind, pattered furiously through the main street and up to the place of exhibition, which in the present writer's time and place was the Town-hall, and then from inside the gilded nutshell was extracted the colonel, so to say, only he was already a general—General Tom Thumb! The large man who took out the little man so carefully must have been Mr. **Barnum** himself, unless it was a still larger man whom he had cunningly retained to heighten the force of contrast and to belittle the atomy. The dapper pink and white little man swung his laced cocked hat as he sat in the arms of the attendant giant and was borne upstairs, whither the juvenile crowd surged after him. The "entertainment" was artfully contrived by the cunning Mr. **Barnum** so that Tom should continually be looked at through the large end of the telescope. Nothing of it abides with this reminiscent save the funny little squeak in which the little man sang his little song, and a faint suspicion of "sword exercise."

Tom was born in 1837, and he must have been twelve or thirteen at the date of these reminiscences, although on the bills he continued to withstand the ravages of time, and to remain stationary at the interesting age of eleven for an unconscionable number of years. He had already, in 1844, visited England, and fascinated the Queen, the period of whose own keenest personal interest in small humanity covered those years, the Crown Princess of Prussia being two years or so the General's junior. Tom brought home with him and exhibited several mementos of the royal interest, as well as other tokens of having achieved a European reputation. Tom was very little in those days, and very graceful and pretty, being a man in little, without the excesses and deformities of shape that disfigure most dwarfs, and Mr. **Barnum** showed his usual insight into the weaker parts of our nature by dating Tom at eleven until that fiction became too wildly improbable. Afterward Tom broadened in person and reddened in face, and even grew a little, and was much less attractive as an object of *virtu* than he had been. His marriage to Miss **Warren**, five years his junior, and some inches his minor, was celebrated twenty years ago, and thenceforward he occupied himself in taking care of and increasing his possessions, allowing nothing to interfere with this purpose, not even his favorite sport of yachting, which he pursued with an eye to business, and on one occasion proposed to exchange his fast sloop for a small steamer, upon the ground that he could make this latter craft pay for herself by towing vessels in and out of Bridgeport Harbor.

It was not Tom's diminutiveness alone that put him so high up—that is, so low down—in the annals of dwarfdom, but his prettiness, brightness, and grace. Above all it was his felicity in falling in with **Barnum**.



THE LATE "TOM THUMB."—Photographed by Bogardus.

A NEWSBOYS' PICNIC.

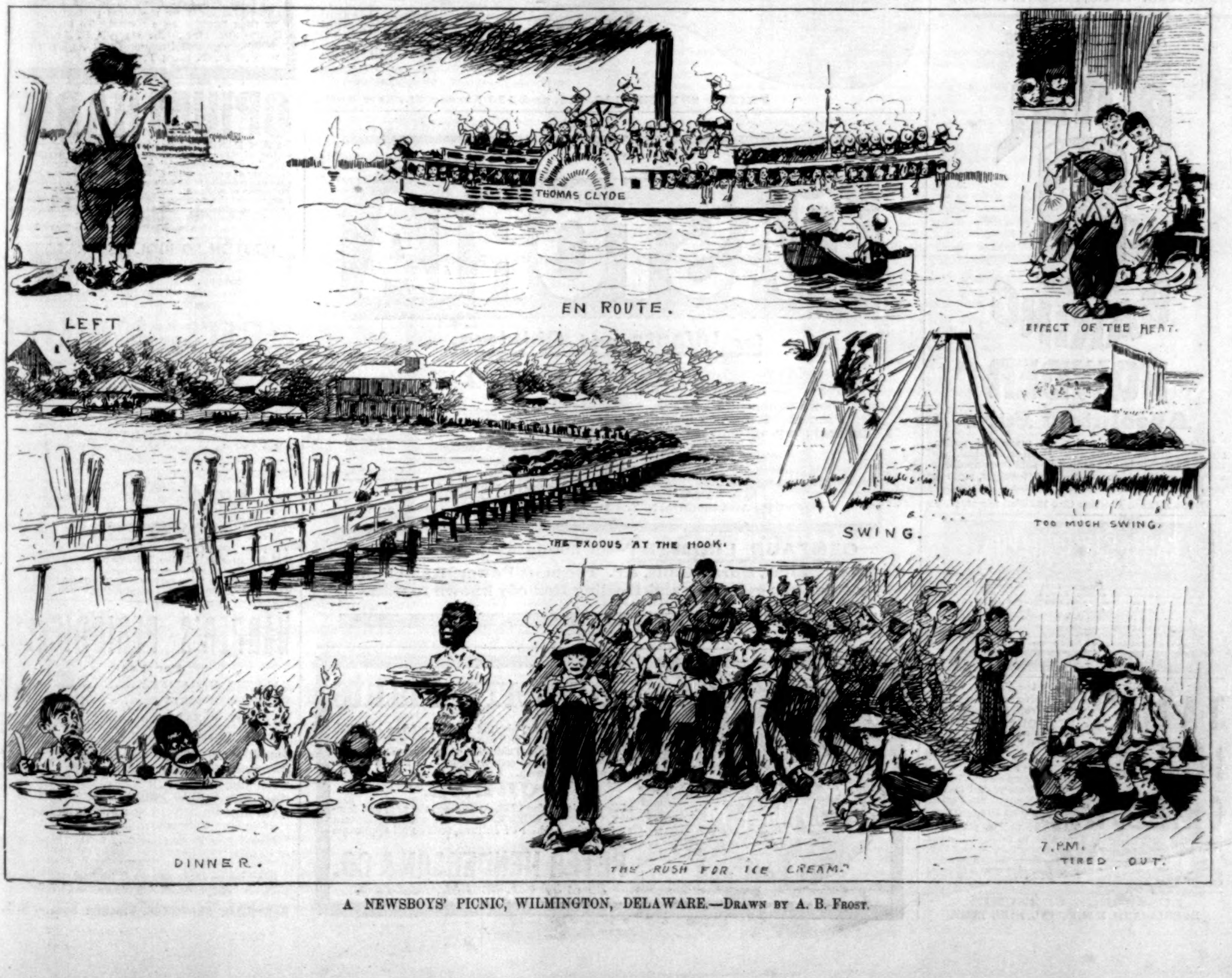
Almost everybody has heard of the "Fresh-air Fund" which the New York *Tribune* is raising for the purpose of taking poor boys and girls out into the country, but not so many know about the scheme of a kind-hearted newspaper publisher of Wilmington, Delaware, for giving enjoyment to the newsboys of that city.

The newsboys there, no doubt, are better off than in New York. Most of them have homes and fathers and mothers; and a trip to the country or the sea is perhaps less of a novelty to them than it is to the little waifs who sell papers around the New York ferries. But they enjoyed the prospects of a picnic all the same; and when they were told they might get free tickets for an excursion down the bay at the office of the Wilmington *Morning News*, they flocked to the place, and in a little while had quite used up the ticket man's stock. Then they formed into line, with a band ahead, and marched delightedly down to the boat.

One would think that newsboys were too smart to get left; but as the boat drifted out from the dock one little fellow appeared on the string-piece bathed in tears. It was a pity that he must stay behind, but the boat could not be put back; and as the revolving wheels carried it further and further out into the stream the sorrowful little figure grew less and less distinct. It was afterward learned that to make up for his disappointment a gentleman offered to take him on an excursion all by himself.

After an hour's sail the company was landed at Pennsgrove to wait for another steamer, which should convey it to the picnic ground. Here the boys improved the opportunity to take a swim, and presently the whole ninety of them were bobbing around in the water like ducks. At ten o'clock they were again on their way, and at one they had come to Bombay Hook, where they were to have dinner. While waiting for this the boys sharpened their appetites by another swim.

One who has never seen newsboys eat can hardly imagine the extent of their appetites in the face of a tempting meal. Lamb and pease, oyster pie and chicken, tomatoes, cabbage, potatoes, and huckleberry pie, disappeared with frightful rapidity, until even the caterer became alarmed as to whether he should have enough. But the provisions held out, and the boys' hunger was at length appeased. To complete their satisfaction the arrival of the ice-cream man only was needed. When he appeared the troop charged upon him with wild shrieks, and in a few minutes had relieved him of his burden. Then, with the peace of mind that accompanies a fully satisfied appetite, they settled down for the trip home, where they finally arrived at eight o'clock in the evening.


LEFT
THOMAS CLYDE
EN ROUTE.
EFFECT OF THE HEAT.
THE EXODUS AT THE HOOK.
SWING.
TOO MUCH SWING.
DINNER.
THE RUSH FOR ICE CREAM.
7 P.M.
TIRED OUT.

A NEWSBOYS' PICNIC, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR WAKEFULNESS.

Dr. Wm. P. Clothier, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I prescribed it for a Catholic priest, who was a hard student, for wakefulness, extreme nervousness, etc. He reports great benefit."—[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.

The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength. —[*Adv.*]

STARIN'S GLEN ISLAND.

"It is as near fairyland, probably, as any place in this part of the world."—*N. Y. Times.*

"The odor of new-mown hay, the perfume of countless roses, the soft breeze, the trim lawns, and the well-kept paths appeal to the visitors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, and Foot of 33d St., East River, and Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

HOTEL KAATERSKILL,

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

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Turned to its natural color, pimples and blotches eradicated, by using Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment. Warranted for 36 years, and perfectly harmless. It also prevents the hair from falling out. Sold by all the druggists. 25 and 50 cents.—[*Adv.*]

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Angostura Bitters were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

Halford Sauce is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves soups, fish, gravies, meats, &c. —[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., N.Y., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific.—One bottle always cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low-test, short-weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.*

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POCKET $1.00 SIZE THE ANTI-STYLOGRAPH DESK $1.50 SIZE.

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Fitted with Palladium Pen, iridium-pointed, $2.50.

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Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

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EDENIA AND MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE.

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Baker's Premium Chocolate, the best preparation of plain chocolate for family use.—*Baker's Breakfast Cocoa*, from which the excess of oil has been removed, easily digested and admirably adapted for invalids.—*Baker's Vanilla Chocolate*, as a drink or eaten as confectionery is a delicious article; highly recommended by tourists.—*Baker's Broma*, invaluable as a diet for children.—*German Sweet Chocolate*, a most excellent article for families.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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☞ WILL BE READY SHORTLY. ☜

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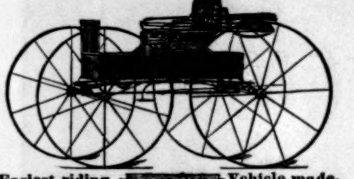

Easiest riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as with two. The Springs lengthen and shorten according to the weight they carry. Equally well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all the leading Carriage Builders and Dealers.

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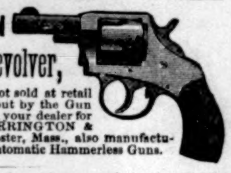
THE AMERICAN
Double Action Revolver,



32, 38 and 44 Calibres, not sold at retail by the manufacturers, but by the Gun and Hardware trade, ask your dealer for them. Made by HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON, Worcester, Mass., also manufacturers of the celebrated Automatic Hammerless Guns.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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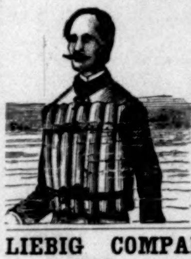
IMPROVED PATENT
CORK LIFE-PRESERVER,



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146 Worth St., N. Y.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

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Established 1818.
Beware of Counterfeits.

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7 Prize Medals.
Gold Medal 1878 Paris.

Purveyor by appointments to the Royal Danish Court and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

For sale by Wine Dealers generally.
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BRUSHES of every description at 315 Pearl Street, New York.
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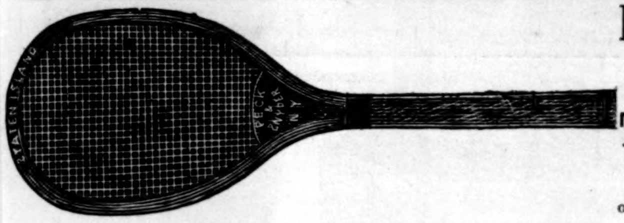

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for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and **natural** sleep, without **morphine.**

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When babies fret and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion,
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Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
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CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

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Strawberry Plants

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At the June, 1883, Exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society, we were awarded 8 first prizes for Strawberries shown. Circular of the

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Disfiguring Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Resolvent, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the *cause.*

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Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from Cuticura, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

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A WHOLESOME CURATIVE.

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AN ELEGANT AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Indisposition, &c.

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THE DOSE IS SMALL, THE ACTION PROMPT, THE TASTE DELICIOUS.

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The Largest and best appointed Music, Literary and Art School, and **HOME** *for young ladies, in the world.*

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

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Dr. H. H. KANE, late Superintendent of the DeQuincey Home, author of "Drugs that Enslave," "Morphia Hypodermically," "Opium Smoking," &c., begs leave to announce his discovery of a combination of Remedies whereby any habitue **can cure himself at home** in a short time **painlessly.** For copies of original letters, testimonials, and endorsements from some of the most eminent medical men, letters from 400 physicians, editorial comments from leading journals, and a full description of the treatment. Address

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Full course, two years; shorter course, one year. The English and Delsarte systems of gesture; light gymnastics. Term begins Oct. 4th. Apply at 1 Somerset St., Boston, Mass., after Oct. 1st, from 10 to 12 A. M., or for catalogues address at any time R. R. RAYMOND, Prin.

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Applies any ointment directly to parts affected, thereby curing when other remedies fail. Conveniently carried in the vest pocket, *ready for use*, without pain or inconvenience, affording *immediate relief*. Sold by all druggists (accompanied with a package of Seeley's Ointment on which are printed the ingredients) or sent by mail for **$2.** **Seeley's Truss Establishments, 1347 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 74 Fleet Street, London, England.**

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For 50c. (in stamps) 200 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

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WILL DO everything claimed
when the directions are strictly followed
Statements to the contrary are untrue
—So Dont be a Clam—

DONT BE A CLAM

Clams are not a proper model for a human being to copy after

they are wedded to their old clam-like notions:—they open their shells to take in their accustomed food, *but they shut up very tight when anything new comes along*

FOR THEY ARE CLAMS AND DONT PROPOSE TO ALLOW THINGS TO PENETRATE THEIR SHELLS THAT WERE UNKNOWN TO THEIR GRANDFATHER CLAMS AND TO THEIR GRANDMOTHER CLAMS.

A Clam is not a Good thing for a Housekeeper to copy after:—

A Clam is not a good thing for a Farmer to copy after:— **A Clam is not a good thing for a Grocer to copy after:—**

Persons who allow articles said to be as good as The Frank Siddalls Soap to be forced on them must expect to be deceived
SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

A WIDE-AWAKE HOUSEKEEPER will try new ways *that are endorsed by leading newspapers:*
A WIDE-AWAKE FARMER will try a Butter Worker and a Hay Fork:—
A WIDE-AWAKE GROCER will try a new Molasses Gate and a new Coal Oil Can, *and will buy the kind of goods his customers call for:—*

Even a person
of only ordinary intelligence
will know for certain
that a Soap that is
excellent for the skin
cannot possibly hurt clothes

Of course if a woman tries every new thing that she hears of she will often be duped:—But there is no sensible man or sensible woman who does not know for certain that reliable publishers would not allow such continuous use of their pages for advertising The Frank Siddalls Soap if they had not first satisfied themselves that it was **NOT A HUMBUG.** *Intelligent women are rapidly adopting new methods about their work, and those who have done so are already beginning to look down with pity on persons who are set in their old ways:*—**SO DONT BE A CLAM**

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say **that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag **Sweet and White, and the only** Soap that can be depended upon to remove **the smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; *it is not their fault;* for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; **use The Frank Siddalls Soap,** made of **Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.**

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; *ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;* while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose **Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:**—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.*

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—**but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.**

FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

FOR SHAVING

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, *and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.*

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* **No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows,** cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; **by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing **Chafed Places on Infants and Adults;** for use by persons suffering with **Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face,** and for children afflicted with **Scaly Incrustations,** it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, **while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* **but has an agreeable odor** from its ingredients, **that is always pleasant, even to an invalid;** it never **leaves any odor on the Skin;** the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; **it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:**—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) **it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing.** Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—**Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.**

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as **Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are** caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in **Schools of Design** for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—**IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT,** *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, ***will not chap*** from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY."
Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—**That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.**

Promise No. 2—**That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.**

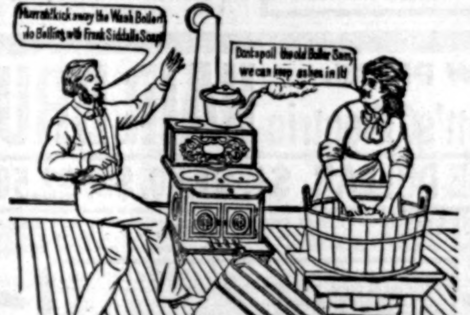
By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be because
you have not made the promises,
or because you have sent for
more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for,
but after trying it, dealers will buy it
from their wholesale houses
to accommodate you,
or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle
THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch;
it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.